THE TRAGEDIE OF Cæsar and Pompey OR CÆSARS Reuenge.

Priuately acted by the Students of Trinity Colledge in Oxforde.

AT LONDON
Imprinted for *Nathaniel Fosbrooke* and *Iohn Wright* and are to be sold in Paules Church-yarde at the signe of the Helmet.
1607.

#41339

The names of the Actors.

Discord.

Titinnius.	*Roman* 1.
Brutus.	*Roman* 2.
Pompey.	*Bonus Genius.*
Cæsar.	*Calphurnia.*
Anthony.	*Augur.*
Dolobella.	*Præcentor.*
Cornelia.	*Senators.*
Cleopatra.	*Bucolian.*
Achillas.	*Octauian.*
Sempronius.	*Cæsars Ghost.*
Cassius.	*Cicero.*
Cato Sen.	*Cato Iun.*
Casca.	*Camber.*

The Tragedie of Cæſar and Pompey.

Sound alarum then flames of fire.

Enter Diſcord.

HEarke how the *Romaine* drums ſound bloud & death,
And *Mars* high mounted on his Thracian Steede:
Runs madding through *Pharſalias* purple fieldes.
The earth that's wont to be a Tombe for Men
It's now entomb'd with Carkaſes of Men.
The Heauen appal'd to ſee ſuch hideous ſights,
For feare puts out her euer burning lights.
The Gods amaz'd (as once in *Titans* war,)
Do doubt and feare, which boades this deadly iar.
The ſtarrs do tremble, and forſake their courſe,
The *Beare* doth hide her in forbidden Sea,
Feare makes *Bootes* ſwiften her ſlowe pace,
Pale is *Orion*, *Atlas* gins to quake,
And his vnwildy burthen to forſake.
Cæſars keene *Falchion*, through the Aduerſe rankes,
For his ſterne Maſter hewes a paſſage out,
Through troupes & troonkes, & ſteele, & ſtanding bloode:
He whoſe proud Trophies whilom *Aſia* field,
And conquered *Pontus*, ſinged his laſting praiſe.
Great *Pompey*; Great, while Fortune did him raiſe,
Nowe vailes the glory of his vanting plumes
And to the ground caſts of his high hang'd lookes.
You gentle Heauens. O execute your wrath
On vile mortality, that hath ſcornd your powers.
You night borne Siſters to whoſe haires are ty'd
In Adamantine Chaines both Gods and Men
Winde on your webbe of miſchiefe and of plagues,
And if, O ſtarres you haue an influence:
That may confounde this high erected heape

Downe powre it; Vomit out your worſt of ills
Let *Rome*, growne proud, with her vnconquered ſtrength,
Periſh and conquered Be with her owne ſtrength:
And win all powers to diſioyne and breake,
Conſume, confound, diſſolue, and diſcipate
What Lawes, Armes and Pride hath raiſed vp.

Enter Titinius

Tit. The day is loſt our hope and honours loſt,
The glory of the *Romaine* name is loſt,
The liberty and common weale is loſt,
The Gods that while on heard the *Romaine* ſtate,
And *Quirinus*, whoſe ſtrong puiſſant arme,
Did ſhild the tops and turrets of proud *Rome*,
Do now conſpire to wracke the gallant Ship,
Euen in the harbor of her wiſhed greatneſſe.
And her gay ſtreamers, and faire wauering ſayles,
With which the wanton wind was wont to play,
To drowne with Billows of orewhelming woes.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. The Foe preuayles, *Brutus*, thou ſtriueſt in vaine.
Many a ſoule to day is ſent to Hell,
And many a galant haue I don to death,
In *Pharſalias* bleeding Earth: the world can tell,
How litle *Brutus* praizd this puffe of breath,
If loſſe of that my countries weale might gaine,
But Heauens and the immortall Gods decreed:
That *Rome* in higheſt of her fortunes pich,
In top of ſouerainty and imperiall ſwaye.
By her owne height ſhould worke her owne decay.

Enter Pompey.

Pom. Where may I fly into ſome deſert place,
Some vncouth, vnfrequented craggy rocke,
Where as my name and ſtate was neuer heard.
I flie the Batle becauſe here I ſee,
My friends lye bleeding in *Pharſalias* earth.
Which do remember me what earſt I was,
Who brought ſuch troopes of ſoldiars to the fielde,
And of ſo many thouſand had command:

My

My flight a heauy memory doth renew,
Which tels me I was wont to ſtay and winne.
But now a ſouldier of my ſcatred traine:
Offered me ſeruice and did call me Lord,
O then I thought whome riſing Sunne ſaw high,
Deſcending he beheld my miſery:
Flie to the holow roote of ſome ſteepe rocke,
And in that flinty habitation hide,
Thy wofull face: from face and view of men.
Yet that will tell me this, if naught beſide:
Pompey was neuer wont his head to hide.
Flie where thou wilt, thou bearſt about thee ſmart,
Shame at thy heeles and greeſe lies at thy heart.

Tit. But ſee *Titinius* where two warriers ſtand,
Caſting their eyes downe to the cheareles earthe:
Alaſſe to ſoone I know them for to bee
Pompey and *Brutus*, who like *Aiax* ſtand,
When as forſooke of Fortune mong'ſt his foes,
Greiſe ſtopt his breath nor could he ſpeake his woes.

Pom. Accurſed *Pompey*, loe thou art deſcried.
But ſtay; they are thy friends that thou behouldeſt,
O rather had I now haue met my foes: (woes
Whoſe daggers poynts might ſtraight haue pierced my
Then thus to haue my friends behold my ſhame:
Reproch is death to him that liu'd in Fame,

Bru. *Brutus* Caſt vp thy diſcontented looke:
And ſee two Princes thy two noble friends,
Who though it greeues me that I thus them ſee,
Yet ioy I to bee ſeene they liuing be. *He ſpeakes vnto them.*
Let not the change of this ſucceſſes fight,
(O noble Lords,) diſmay theſe daunteles mindes,
Which the faire vertue not blind chance doth rule,
Cæſar not vs ſubdued hath, but *Rome*,
And in that fight twas beſt be ouerthrowne.
Thinke that the Conqueror hath won but ſmale,
Whoſe victory is but his Countries tal,

Pom. O Noble *Brutus*, can I liue and ſee,
My Souldiars dead, my friends lie ſlaine in field,

My hopes caſt downe, mine Honors ouerthrowne,
My Country ſubiect to a Tirants rule,
My foe triumphing and my ſelfe forlorne.
Oh had I periſhed in that proſperous warre
Euen in mine Honors height, that happy day,
When *Mithridates* fall did rayſe my fame:
Then had I gonne with Honor to my graue.
But *Pompey* was by enuious heauens reſeru'd,
Captiue to followe *Cæſars* Chariot wheeles
Riding in triumph to the Capitol:
And *Rome* oft grac'd with Trophies of my fame,
Shall now reſound the blemiſh of my name.

Bru. Oh what diſgrace can taunt this worthineſſe,
Of which remaine ſuch liuing monuments
Ingrauen in the eyes and hearts of men.
Although the oppreſſion of diſtreſſed *Rome*
And our owne ouerthrow, might well drawe forth,
Diſtilling teares from faynting cowards eyes,
Yet ſhould no weake effeminate paſſion ſeaſe
Vpon that man, the greatneſſe of whoſe minde
And not his Fortune made him term'd the Great.

Pom. Oh I did neuer taſt mine Honours ſweete
Nor now can iudge of this my ſharpeſt ſowre.
Fifty eight yeares in Fortunes ſweete ſoft lap
Haue I beene luld a ſleepe with pleaſant ioyes,
Me hath ſhe dandled in her foulding Armes,
And fed my hopes with proſperous euentes:
Shee Crownd my Cradle with ſucceſſe and Honour,
And ſhall diſgrace a waite my haples Hearſe?
Was I a youth with Palme and Lawrell girt,
And now an ould man ſhall I waite my fall?
Oh when I thinke but on my triumphs paſt,
The Conſul-ſhips and Honours I haue borne;
The fame and feare where in great *Pompey* liu'd,
Then doth my grieued Soule informe me this,
My fall augmented by my former biſſe.

Bru. Why do we vſe of vertues ſtrength to vant,

If euery croſſe a Noble mind can daunt,
Wee talke of courage,then,is courage knowne,
When with miſhap our ſtate is ouerthrowne:
Neuer let him a Souldiers Title beare.
Wihch in the cheefeſt brunt doth ſhrinke and feare,
Thy former haps did Men thy vertue ſhew,
But now that fayles them which thy vertue knew,
Nor thinke this conqueſt ſhalbe *Pompeys* fall:
Or that *Pharſalia* ſhall thine honour bury,
Egipt ſhalbe vnpeopled for thine ayde.
And Cole-black *Libians*,ſhall manure the grounde
In thy defence with bleeding hearts of men.
Pom. O ſecond hope of ſad oppreſſed *Rome*,
In whome the ancient *Brutus* vertue ſhines,
That purchaſt firſt the *Romaine* liberty,
Let me imbrace thee:liue victorious youth,
When death and angry fates ſhall call me hence,
To free thy country from a Tyrants yoke.
My harder fortune,and more cruell ſtarrs.
Enuied to me ſo great a happines.
Do not prolong my life with vaine falſe hopes,
To deepe diſpaire and ſorrow I am vow'd:
Do not remououe me from that ſetled thought,
With hope of friends or ayde of *Ptolomey*,
Egipt and *Libia* at choyſe I haue.
But onely which of them Ile make my graue.
Tit. Tis but diſcomfort which miſgreeues thee this,
Greefe by diſpaire ſeemes greater then it is,
Bru. Tis womanniſh to wayle and mone our greefe.
By Induſtrie do wiſe men ſeeke releefe,
If that our caſting do fall out a miſſe,
Our cunning play muſt then correct the dice.
Pom. Well if it needs muſt bee then let me goe,
Flying for ayde vnto my forrayne friends,
And ſue and bow,where earſt I did command.
He that goeth ſeeking of a Tirant aide,
Though free he went,a ſeruant then is made.
Take we our laſt farwell,then though with paine,

Here

Heere three do part that ne're shall meet againe.

Exit Pompey at on dore, Titinius at another. Brutus alone.

ACTVS 1. SCENA 2.

Enter Cæsar

Cæs. Follow your chase, and let your light-foote steedes
Flying as swift as did that winged horse
That with strong fethered *Pinions* cloue the Ayre,
Or take the coward flight of your base foe.
Brut. Do not with-drawe thy mortall woundring blade,
But sheath it *Cæsar* in my wounded heart:
Let not that heart that did thy Country wound
Feare to lay *Brutus* bleeding on the ground.
Thy fatall stroke of death shall more mee glad,
Then all thy proud and Pompous victories;
My funerall Cypresse, then thy Lawrell Crowne,
My mournefull Beere shall winne more Praise and Fame
Then thy triumphing Sun-bright Chariot.
Heere in these fatall fieldes let *Brutus* die,
And beare so many Romaines company.
Cæsa. T'was not 'gainst thee this fatall blade was drawne
Which can no more pierce *Brutus* tender sides
Then mine owne heart, or ought then heart more deere,
For all the wronges thou didst, or strokes thou gau'st
Cæsar on thee will take no worse reuenge,
Then bid thee still commande him and his state:
True setled loue can neere bee turn'd to hate.
Brut. To what a pitch would this mans vertues sore,
Did not ambition clog his mounting fame,
Cæsar thy sword hath all blisse from me taine
And giuest me life where best were to be slaine.
O thou hast robd me of my chiefest ioy,
And seek'st to please me with a babish toye. *Exit Brutus.*
Cæs. *Cæsar Pharsalia* doth thy conquest sound
Ioues welcom messenger faire Victory,

Hath

Hath Crown'd thy temples with victorious bay.
And Io ioyfull, Io doth she sing
And through the world thy lasting prayses ring.
But yet amidst thy gratefull melody
I heare a hoarse, and heauy dolfull voyce,
Of my deare Country crying, that to day
My Glorious triumphs worke her owne decay.
In which how many fatall strokes I gaue,
So many woundes her tender brest receiu'd.
Heere lyeth one that's boucher'd by his Sire
And heere the Sonne was his old Fathers death,
Both slew vnknowing, both vnknowne are slaine,
O that ambition should such mischiefe worke
Or meane Men die for great mens proud desire.

ACTVS 1. SCENA 3.

Enter Anthony, Dolobella, Lord and others.

An. From sad *Pharsalia* blushing al with blood,
From deaths pale triumphes, *Pompey* ouerthrowne,
Romains in forraine soyles, brething their last,
Reuenge, strange wars and dreadfull stratagems,
Wee come to set the Lawrell on thy head
And fill thy eares with triumphs and with ioyes.

Dolo. As when that *Hector* from the *Gracian* campe
With spoiles of slaughtered *Argians* return'd,
The *Troyan* youths with crownes of conquering palme:
The *Phrigian* Virgins with faire flowry wrethes
Welcom'd the hope, and pride of *Ilium*,
So for thy victory and conquering actes
Wee bring faire wreths of Honor & renowne,
Which shall enternally thy head adorne.

Lord. Now hath thy sword made passage for thy selfe,
To wade in bloud of them that sought thy death,
The ambitious riuall of thine Honors high,
Whose mightinesse earst made him to be feard
Now flies and is enforc'd to giue thee place.

Whil'ſt thou remainſt the conquering *Herculos*
Triumphing in thy ſpoyles and victories.
Ceſ. When *Phabus* left faire *Thetis* watery couch,
And peeping forth from out the goulden gate
Of his bright pallace, ſaw our battle rank'd:
Oft did hee ſeeke to turne his fiery ſteedes,
Oft hid his face, and ſhund ſuch tragick ſights.
What ſtranger paſſeſt euer by this coſt
Thee this accurſed ſoyle diſtainde with blood
Not Chriſtall riuers, are to quench thy thirſt.
For goaring ſtreames, their riuers cleereneſſe ſtaines:
Heere are no hils wherewith to feede thine eyes,
But heaped hils of mangled Carkaſes,
Heere are no birdes to pleaſe thee with their notes:
But rauenous Vultures, and night Rauens horſe.
Anto. What meanes great *Ceſar*, droopes our generall,
Or melts in womaniſh compaſſion:
To ſee *Pharſalias* fieldes to change their hewe
And ſiluer ſtreames be turn'd to lakes of blood?
Why *Ceſar* oft hath ſacrific'd in *France*,
Millions of Soules, to *Plutoes* griſly dames:
And made the changed coloured *Rhene* to bluſh,
To beare his bloody burthen to the ſea.
And when as thou in mayden *Albion* ſhore
The *Romaine*, *Ægle* brauely didſt aduance,
No hand payd greater tribute vnto death,
No heart with more couragious Noble fire
And hope, did burne with glorious great intent.
And now ſhall paſſion baſe that Noble minde,
And weake euents that courrage ouercome?
Let *Pompey* proud, and *Pompeys* Complices
Die on our ſwords, that did enuie our liues,
Let pale *Tyſiphone* be cloyd with bloud:
And ſnaky furies quench their longing thirſt,
And *Ceſar* liue to glory in their end.
Ceſ. They ſay when as the younger *Affrican*,
Beheld the mighty Carthage wofull fall:
And ſawe her ſtately Towers to ſmoke from farre,

He wept, and princely teares ran downe his cheekes,
Let pity then and true compassion,
Moue vs to rue no traterous *Carthage* fall,
No barbarous periurd enemies decay,
But *Rome* our natiue Country, haples *Rome*,
Whose bowe's to vngently we haue peerc'd,
Faire pride of *Europe*, Mistresse of the world,
Cradle of vertues, nurse of true renowne,
Whome *Ioue* hath plac'd in top of seauen hils:
That thou the lower worldes seauen climes mightst rule.
Thee the proud *Parthian* and the cole-black *Moore*,
The sterne *Tartarian*, borne to manage armes,
Doth feare and tremble at thy Maiesty.
And yet I bred and fostered in thy lappe,
Durst striue to ouerthrowe thy Capitol:
And thy high Turrets lay as low as hell.

Dolo. O *Rome*, and haue the powers of Heauen decreed,
When as thy fame did reach vnto the Skie,
And the wide *Ocean* was thy Empires boundes,
And thou enricht with spoyles of all the world,
Was waxen proud with peace and soueraine raigne:
That Ciuill warres should loose what Forraine won,
And peace his ioyes, be turn'd to luckles broyles.

Lord. O *Pompey*, cursed cause of ciuill warre,
Which of those hel-borne sterne *Eumenides*:
Inflam'd thy minde with such ambitious fire,
As nought could quench it but thy Countries bloud.

Dolo. But this no while thy valour doth destayne,
Which found'st vnsought for cause of ciuill broyles,
And fatall fuell which this fire enflamd.

Anto. Let then his death set period to this strife,
Which was begun by his ambitious life.

Cæs. The flying *Pompey* to *Larissa* hastes,
And by *Thessalian* Temple shapes his course:
Where faire *Peneus* tumbles vp his waues,
Him weele pursue as fast as he vs flies,
Nor he though garded with *Numidian* horse,
Nor ayded with the vnresisted powre:

The *Meroe*, or ſeauen mouth'd Nile can yeelde
No not all *Affrick* arm'd in his defence
Shall ſerue to ſhrowd him from my fatall ſworde. *Exit.*

ACT. 1. SC. 4.

Enter Cato.

Ca. O where is baniſh'd liberty exil'd,
To *Affrick* deſerts or to *Scythia* rockes,
Or whereas ſiluer ſtreaming *Tanais* is?
Happy is *India* and *Arabia* bleſt,
And all the bordering regions vpon *Nile*
That neuer knew the name of Liberty,
But we that boaſt of *Brutes* and *Colatins*,
And glory we expeld proud *Tarquins* name,
Do greeue to looſe, that we ſo long haue held.
Why reckon we our yeares by Conſuls names?
And ſo long ruld in freedom, now to ſerue?
They lie that ſay in Heauen there is a powre
That for to wracke the ſinnes of guilty men,
Holds in his hand a fierce three-forked dart.
Why would he throw them downe on *Oéta* mount,
Or wound the vnderringing *Rhodope*,
And not rayne ſhowers of his dead-doing dartes,
Furor in flame, and Sulphures ſmothering heate
Vpon the wicked and accurſ'd armes
That cruell *Romains'* gainſt their Country beare.
Rome ware thy fall: thoſe prodigies foretould,
When angry heauens did powre downe ſhowers of blood
And fatall *Comets* in the heauens did blaſe,
And all the Statues in the Temple blaſt,
Did weepe the loſſe of *Romaine* liberty.
Then if the Gods haue deſtined thine end,
Yet as a Mother hauing loſt her Sonne,
Cato ſhall waite vpon thy tragick hearſe,
And neuer leaue thy cold and bloodles corſe.
Ile tune a ſad and dol-full funerall ſong,

Still

Still crying on loſt liberties ſweete name,
Thy ſacred aſhes will I waſh with teares,
And thus lament my Countries obſequies.

ACT. 1. SC. 5.

Enter Pompey and Cornelia.

Cor. O cruel *Pompey* whether wilt thou flye,
And leaue thy poore *Cornelia* thus forlorne,
Is't our bad fortune or thy cruell will
That ſtill it ſeuers in extremity.
O let me go with thee, and die with thee;
Nothing ſhall thy *Cornelia* grieuous thinke
That ſhee endures for her ſweete *Pompeys* ſake.

Pom. Tis for thy weale and ſafty of thy life,
Whoſe ſafty I preferre before the world,
Becauſe I loue thee more then all the world,
That thou (ſweete loue) ſhould'ſt heere remaine behinde
Till proote aſſureth *Ptolomyes* doubted faith.

Cor. O deereſt, what ſhall I my ſafty call,
That which is thruſt in dangers harmefull mouth?
Lookes not the thing ſo bad with ſuch a name,
Call it my death, my baſe, my woe, my hell,
That which indangers my ſweete *Pompeys* life.

Pom. It is no danger (gentle loue) at all,
Tis but thy feare that doth it ſo miscall.

Cor. Iſt bee no danger let me go with thee,
And of thy ſafty a partaker bee,
Alas why would'ſt thou leaue mee thus alone:
Think'ſt thou I cannot follow thee by Land
That thus haue followed thee ouer raging Seas,
Or do I varie in inconſtant hopes:
O but thinke you my pleaſure luckles is
And I haue made thee more vnfortunate.
Tis I, tis I, haue cauſ'd this ouerthrow,
Tis my accurſed ſtarres that boade this ill,
And thoſe miſ-fortunes to my princely loue,

Reuenge thee *Pompey*, on this wicked brat,
And end my woes by ending of my life,
Pom. What meanes my loue to aggrauate my griefe,
And torture my enough tormented Soule,
With greater greuance then *Pharſalian* loſſe?
Thy rented hayre doth rent my heart in twayne,
And theſe fayr Seas, that raine downe ſhowers of tears,
Do melt my ſoule in liqued ſtreames of ſorrow.
If that in *Ægipt* any daunger bee,
Then let my death procure thy ſweet liues ſafety,
Cor. Can I bee ſafe and *Pompey* in diſtreſſe,
Or may *Cornelia* ſuruiue they death,
What daunger euer happens to my Soule,
What daunger eke ſhall happen to my life,
Nor *Libians* quick-ſands, nor the barking gulfe,
Or gaping *Scylla* ſhall this Vnion part,
But ſtill Ile chayne thee in my twining armes,
And if I cannot liue Ile die with thee.
Pom. O how thy loue doth eaſe my greeued minde,
Which beares a burthen heauier then the Heauens,
Vnder the which ſteele-ſhouldred Atlas grones.
But now thy loue doth hurt thy ſelfe and me,
And thy to ardent ſtrong affection,
Hinders my ſetled reſolution.
Then by this loue, and by theſe chriſtall eyes,
More bright then are the Lamps of *Ioues* high houſe,
Let me in this (I feare) my laſt requeſt,
Not to indanger thy beloued life,
But in this ſhip remayne, and here awaite,
How Fortune dealeth with our doubtfull State,
Cor. Not ſo perſwaded as coniurd ſweete loue,
By thy commanding meeke petition.
I cannot ſay I yeeld, yet am conſtraind,
This neuer meeting parting to permit,
Then go deere loue, yet ſtay a little while,
Some what I am ſhure, tis more I haue to ſay,
Nay nothing now but Heauens guide thy ſteps.
Yet let me ſpeake, why ſhould we part ſo ſoone,

Why is my talke tedious? may be it is the last:
Do women leaue their husbands in such hast,
Pom. More faithfull, then that ayre deflowred dame,
That sacrifizde her selfe to Chastety,
And far more louing then the *Charian* Queene,
That dranke her Husbands neuer sondred heart.
If that I dye, yet will it glad my soule,
Which then shall feede on those *Elisian* ioyes,
That in the sacred Temple of thy breast,
My liuing memory shall shrined bee.
But if that enuious fates should call thee hence,
And Death with pale and meager looke vsurpe,
Vpon those roriate lips, and Currall cheekes,
Then Ayre be turnde, to poyson to infect me,
Earth gape and swallow him that Heauens hate,
Consume me Fire with thy deuouring flames,
Or Water drowne, who else would melt in teares.
But liue, liue happy still, in safety liue,
Who safety onely to my life can giue. *Exit.*
Cor. O he is gon, go hie thee after him,
My vow forbids, yet still my care is with thee,
My cryes shall wake the siluer Moone by night,
And with my teares I will salute the Morne.
No day shall passe with out my dayly plaints,
No houre without my prayers for thy returne,
My minde misgiues mee *Pompey* is betrayd.
O *Ægypt* do not rob me of my loue.
Why beareth *Ptolomy* so sterne a looke?
O do not staine thy chrdish yeares with blood:
Whil'st *Pompey* florished in his Fortunes pride,
Ægypt and *Ptolomy* were faine to serue
And sue for grace to my distressed Lord:
But little bootes it, to record he was,
To be is onely that which Men respect,
Go poore *Cornelia* wander by the shore
And see the waters raging Billowes swell,
And beate with fury gainst the craggy rockes,
To that compare thy strong tempestuous griefe.

Which fiercely rageth in thy feeble heart,
Sorrow shuts vp the passage of thy breath:
And dries the teares that pitty faine would shed,
This onely therefore this will I still crie,
Let *Pompey* liue although *Cornelia* die. *Exit.*

ACTVS 1. SCENA. 6.

Enter Cæsar, Cleopatra, Dolobella, Lord and others.

Cæs. Thy sad complaints fayre Lady cannot chuse,
But mooue a heart though made of *Adamant*,
And draw to yeeld vnto thy powerfull plaint,
I will replant thee in the *Ægiptian* Throne
And all thy wrongs shall *Cæsars* vallor right,
Ile pull thy crowne from the vsurpers head,
And make the Conquered *Ptolomey* to stoope,
And feare by force to wrong a mayden Queene.

Cleo. Looke as the Earth at her great loues approch,
When goulden tressed fayre *Hipperions* Sonne
With those life-lending beames salutes his Spouse,
Doth then cast of her moorning widdowes weeds,
And calleth her handmayde, forth her flowery fayre,
To cloth her in the beauty of the spring,
And of fayre primroses, and sweet violets,
To make gay Garlonds for to crowne her head.
So hath your presence, welcome and fayre sight,
That glads the world, comforts poore *Ægipts* Queene,
Who begs for succor of that conquering hand,
That as *Ioues* Scepter this our world doth sway.

Dolo. Who would refuse to ayde so fayre a Queene.

Lord, Base bee the mind, that for so sweet a fayre,
Would not aduenture more then *Perseus* did,
When as he freed the faire *Andromeda*.

Cæsar. O how those louely *Tyranizing* eyes,
The Graces beautious habitation,
Where sweet desire, dartes wounding shafts of loue:
Consume my heart with inward burning heate,
Not onely *Ægipt* but all *Africa*,

Will

Will I ſubiect to *Cleopatras* name.
Thy rule ſhall ſtretch from vnknowne *Zanzibar*,
Vnto thoſe Sandes where high erected poaſtes.
Of great *Alcides*, do vp hold his name,
The ſunne burnt Indians, from the eaſt ſhall bring:
Their pretious ſtore of pure refined gould,
The laboring worme ſhall weaue the *Africke* twiſte,
And to exceed the pompe of *Perſian* Queene,
The Sea ſhall pay the tribute of his pearles.
For to adorne thy goulden yellow lockes,
Which in their curled knots, my thoughts do hold,
Thoughtes captiud to thy beauties conquering power.
Anto. I marueyle not at that which fables tell,
How rauiſht *Hellen* moued the angry *Greeks*,
To vndertake eleuen yeares tedious ſeege,
To re-obtayne a beauty ſo diuine,
When I beheld thy ſweete compoſed face.
O onely worthy for whoſe matchles ſake,
Another ſeege, and new warres ſhould ariſe,
Hector be-dragde about the *Grecian* campe,
And *Troy* againe conſumed with *Grecian* fire.
Cleo. Great Prince, what thanks can *Cleopatra* giue,
Nought haue poore Virgins to requite ſuch good:
My ſimple ſelfe and ſeruice then vouchſafe,
And let the heauens, and he that althings ſees.
With equall eyes ſuch merits recompence,
I doe not ſeeke ambitiouſly to rule,
And in proud *Africa* to monarchize.
I onely craue that what my father gaue,
Who in his laſt be-heſt did dying, will,
That I ſhould ioyntly with my brother raigne:
Ant. How ſweet thoſe words drop from thoſe hunny lips
Which whilſt ſhe ſpeakes they ſtill each other kiſſe.
Cæſa, Raigne, I, ſtil raigne in *Cæſars* conquered thoughts,
There build thy pallace, and thy ſun-bright throne:
There ſway thy Scepter, and with it beat downe,
Thoſe traiterous thoughts (if any dare aryſe:)
That will not yeeld to thy perfection,

To chaſe thee flying *Pompey* haue I cut,
The great *Ionian*, and *Egean* ſeas:
And dredeles paſt the toyling Helleſpont,
Famous for amorous *Leanders* death:
And now by gentle Fortunes ſo am bleſt,
As to behold what mazed thoughtes admire:
Heauens wonder, Natures and Earths Ornament,
And gaze vpon theſe firy ſun-bright eyes:
The Heauenly ſpheares which Loue and Beauty mooue,
Theſe Cheekes where Lillyes and red-roſes ſtriue,
For ſoueraignty, yet both do equall raigne:
The dangling treſſes of thy curled haire,
Nets weaud to cach our frayle and wandring thoughts:
Thy beauty ſhining like proud *Phœbus* face,
When *Ganges* glittereth with his radiant beames
He on his goulden trapped *Palfreys* rides,
That from their noſtrels do the morning blow,
Through Heauens great path-way pau'd with ſhining (ſtarres)
Thou art the fized pole of my Soules ioy,
Bout which my reſtleles thoughts are ouer turn'd:
My *Cynthia*, whoſe glory neuer waynes,
Guyding the Tide of mine affections:
That with the change of thy imperious lookes,
Doſt make my doubtfull ioyes to eb and flowe.

Cleo. Might all the deedes thy hands had ere achiu'd,
That make thy farre extolled name to ſound:
From ſun-burnt Eaſt vnto the VVeſtern Iles,
VVhich great *Neptunus* fouldeth in his armes,
It ſhall not be the leaſt to ſeat a Maide,
And inthronize her in her natiue right.

Lord. VVhat neede you ſtand diſputing on your right,
Or prouing title to the *Ægiptian* Crowne:
Borne to be Queene and Empreſſe of the world.

An. On thy perfection let me euer gaze,
And eyes now learne to treade a louers maze,
Heere may you ſurfet with delicious ſtore,
The more you ſee, deſire to looke the more:
Vpon her face a garden of delite,

Exceeding

Exceeding far *Adonis* fayned Bowre,
Heere staind white Lyllies spread their branches faire,
Heere lips send forth sweete Gilly-flowers smell,
And Damasck-rose in her faire cheekes do bud,
VVhile beds of Violets still come betweene
VVith fresh varyety to please the eye,
Nor neede these flowers the heate of *Phœbus* beames,
They cherisht are by vertue of her eyes.
O that I might but enter in this bowre,
Or once attaine the cropping of the flower.

Ces. Now wend we Lords to *Alexandria*,
Famous for those wide wondred *Piramids*.
Whose towring tops do seeme to threat the skie,
And make it proud by presence of my loue:
Then *Paphian* Temples and *Cytherian* hils,
And sacred *Gnidas* bonnet vaile to it,
A fayrer saint then *Venus* there shall dwell.

Antho. Led with the lode-starre of her lookes, I go
As crazed Bark is toss'd in troubled Seas,
Vncertaine to ariue in wished port.

ACT. 1. FINIS.

Enter Discord. *Flashes of fire.*

Antho. Now *Cæsar* hath thy flattering Fortune heapt
Those golden gifts and promis'd victories,
By fatall signes at *Rubicon* foretould:
Then triumph in thy glorious greatest pride,
And boast thou cast the lucky Die so well,
Now let the *Triton* that did sound alarme,
In his shrill trump resound the victory,
That Heauen and Earth may Ecco of thy fame:
Yet thinke in this thy Fortunes Iollity.
Though *Cæsar* be as great as great may be,
Yet *Pompey* once was euen as great as he,
And how he rode clad in *Setorius* spoyles:
And the *Sicilian* Pirats ouerthrowe.

Ruling like *Nepoune* in the mid-land Seas,
Who baſely now by Land and Sea doth flie,
The heauenly *Rectors* proſecuting wrath,
Yet Sea nor Land can ſhroud him from this iar,
O how it ioyes my diſcord thirſting thoughts,
To ſee them waight, that whilom flow'd in bliſſe.
To ſee like *Banners*, vnlike quarrels haue.
And *Roman* weapons ſhethd in *Roman* blood,
For this I left the deepe Infernall ſhades
And paſt the ſad *Auernus* vgly iawes,
And in the world came I, being Diſcord hight,
Diſcord the daughter of the greeſly night.
To make the world a hell of plauges and woes,
Twas I that did the fatal Aple fling,
Betwixt the three *Idean* goddeſſes.
That ſo much blood of *Greekes* and *Troians* ſpilt,
Twas I that cauſed the deadly *Thebans* warre.
And made the brothers ſwell with endleſſe hate.
And now O *Rome*, woe, woe to thee I cry
Which to the world do bring al miſery.

ACTVS 2. SCENA 4.

Enter Achillas, and Sempronius.

Ach. Here are we placed, by *Ptolomies* command,
To murther *Pompey* when he comes on ſhore,
Then braue *Sempronius* prepare they ſelfe.
To execute the charge thou haſt in hand,
Sem. I am a *Romaine*, and haue often ſerued,
Vnder his collours, when in former ſtate,
Pompey hath bin the Generall of the field,
But cauſe I ſee that now the world is changd:
And like wiſe feele ſome of King *Ptolomeis* gould.
Ile kill him were he twenty Generalls,
And ſend him packing to his longeſt home.
I maruell of what mettell was the *French* man made,
Who when he ſhould haue ſtabbed *Marius*,

They

They ſay he was aſtoniſhed with his lookes.
Marius, had I beene there, thou neere hadſt liu'd,
To brag thee of thy ſeauen Conſulſhips.
Achil. Brauely reſolu'd, Noble *Sempronius*,
The damnedſt villaine that ere I heard ſpeake:
But great men ſtill muſt haue ſuch inſtruments,
To bring about their purpoſe, which once donne,
The deede they loue, but do the doer hate:
Thou ſhalt no leſſe (ſtout *Romaine*) be renown'd,
For being *Pompeys* Death-man, then was he,
That fir'd the faire *Ægiptian* Goddeſſe Church.
Sem. Nay that's al one, report ſay what ſhe liſt,
Tis for no ſhadowes I aduenture for:
Heere are the Crownes, heere are the wordly goods,
This betweene Princes doth contention bring:
Brothers this ſets at ods, turnes loue to hate;
It makes the Sonne to wiſh his Father hang'd
That he thereby might reuell with his bagges:
And did I knowe that in my Mothers womb,
There lurk'd a hidden vaine of Sacred gould,
This hand, this ſword, ſhould rape and rip it out.
Achil. Com, aſſion would that greedineſſe reſtraine.
Sem. I that's my fault, I am to compaſſionate,
Why man, art thou a ſouldier and doſt talke
Of womaniſh pity and compaſſion?
Mens eyes muſt mil-ſtones drop, when fooles ſhed teares,
But ſoft heeres *Pompey*, Ile about my worke
Enter Pompey.
Pom. Truſting vpon King *Ptolomeys* promiſ'd fayth,
And hoping ſuccor, I am come to ſhore:
In *Egipt* heere a while to make aboade.
Sem. Fayth longer *Pompey* then thou doſt expect.
Pom. See now worlds Monarchs, whom your ſtate makes (proud)
That thinke your Honors to be permanent,
Of Fortunes change ſee heere a preſident,
Who whilom did command, now muſt intreate
And ſue for that which to accept of late,
Vnto the giuer was thought fortunate.

Sem. I pray thee *Pompey* do not ſpend thy breath,
In reckning vp theſe ruſty titles now,
Which thy ambition grac'd thee with before,
I muſt confeſſe thou wert my Generall,
But that cannot a vaile to ſaue thy life.
Talke of thy Fortune while thou liſt,
There is thy fortune *Pompey* in my fiſt.

Pom. O you that know what hight of honor meanes,
What tis for men that lulled in fortunes lap,
Haue climd the heigheſt top of ſoueraignety.
From all that pomp to be caſt hed-long downe,
You may conceaue what *Pompey* doth ſuſtayne,
I was not wont to walke thus all alone,
But to be met with troopes of Horſe and Men.
With playes and pageants to be entertaynd,
A courtly trayne in royall rich aray,
With ſpangled plumes, that daunced in the ayre,
Mounted on ſteeds, with braue Capariſons deckt,
That in their gates did ſeeme to ſcorne the Earth.
Was wont my intertaynment beautiefie,
But now thy comming is in meaner ſort,
They by thy fortune will thy welcom rate.

Sem. What doſt thou for ſuch entertaynement looke,
Pompey how ere thy comming hether bee,
I haue prouided for thy going hence.

Achi. I will draw neere, and with fayre pleaſing ſhew,
Wellcome great *Pompey* as the *Siren* doth
The wandering ſhipman with her charming ſong.

Pom. O how it greeues a noble hauty mind,
Framed vp in honors vncontrouled ſchoole,
To ſerue and ſue, whoe erſt did rule and ſway!
What ſhall I goe and ſtoope to *Ptolomey*,
Nought to a noble mind more greefe can bring
Then be a begger where thou wert a King,

Ach. Wellcome a ſhore moſt great and gratious prince
Welcome to *Ægipt* and to *Ptolomey*.
The King my Maiſter is at hand my Lord,
To gratulate your ſafe ariuall heere.

Sem.

Sem. This is the King, and here is the Gentleman,
Which must thy comming gratulate a non,
Pom. Thanks worthy Lord vnto your King and you,
It ioyes me much that in extremity,
I found so sure a friend as *Ptolomey*,
Sem. Now is the date of thy proud life expird,
To which my poniard must a full poynt put,
Pompey from *Ptolomey* I come to thee,
From whome a presant and a guift I bring,
This is the gift and this my meslage is *Stab him*
Pom. O Villaine thou hast slayne thy Generall,
And with thy base hand gor'd my royall heart.
Well I haue liued till to that height I came,
That all the world did tremble at my name,
My greatnesse then by fortune being enuied,
Stabd by a murtherous villaynes hand I died.
Ach. What is he dead, then straight cut of his head,
That whilom mounted with ambitions wings:
Cæsar no doubt with praise and noble thanks,
Regarding well this well deserued deede,
Whome weele present with this most pleasing gift,
Sem. Loe you my maisters, hee that kills but one,
Is straight a Villaine and a murtherer cald,
But they that vse to kill men by the great,
And thousandes slay through their ambition,
They are braue champions, and stout warriors cald,
Tis like that he that steales a rotten sheepe
That in a dich would elsse haue cast his hide,
He for his labour hath the haltars hier.
But Kings and mighty Princes of the world,
By letter pattens rob both Sea and Land.
Do not then *Pompey* of thy murther plaine,
Since thy ambition halfe the world hath slayne.

ACTVS 2. SCENA. 2.

Enter Cornelia.

Corne. O traterous villaines, hold your murthering hands,

Or

Or if that needes they muſt be waſht in blood,
Imbrue them heere, heere in *Cornelias* breſt.
Ay mee as I ſtood looking from the Ship
(Accurſed ſhippe that did not ſinke and drowne:
And ſo haue ſau'd me from ſo loath'd a ſight)
Thee to behold what did betide my Lord,
My *Pompey* deere (nor *Pompey* now nor Lord)
I ſawe thoſe villaines that but now were heere:
Bucher my loue and then with violence,
To drawe his deare beloued Body hence;
What doſt thou ſtand to play the Oratrix,
And tell a tale of thy deere huſbands death?
Doth *Pompey*, doth thy loue moue thee no more?
Go curſed *Cornelia* rent thy wretched haire,
Drowne blobred cheekes in ſeas of ſalteſt teares.
And if, it be true that ſorrowes feeling powre,
Could turne poore *Niobe* into a weeping ſtone
O let mee weepe a like, and like ſtone be,
And you poore lights, that ſawe this tragick ſight,
Be blind and punniſh'd with eternall night.
Vnhappy long to ſpeake, bee neare ſo bould
Since that thou this ſo heauy tale haſt tould.
Theſe are but womaniſh exclamations
Light ſorrowe makes ſuch lamentations,
Pompey no words my true griefe can declare,
This for thy loue ſhalbe my beſt welfare. *Stab her ſelfe.*

ACT. 2. SCE. 3.

Enter Cæſar, Cleopatra, Anthony, Dolobella, a Lord,

Cæſar. There ſterne *Achillas* and *Fortunius* lie,
Traytorous *Sempronius* and proud *Ptolomey*,
Go plead your cauſe fore the angry *Rhadamant*,
And tel him why you baſely *Pompey* ſlew.
And let your guilty blood appeaſe his Ghoſt,
That now ſits wandring by the Stygian bankes.

Vnworthy

Vnworthy ſacrifice to quite his worth,
For *Pompey* though thou wert mine enemy,
And vayne ambition mou'd vs to this ſtrife;
Yet now in death when ſtrife and enuy ceaſe.
Thy princely vertues and thy noble minde,
Moue me to rue thy vndeſerued death,
That found a greater daunger then it fled;
Vnhapy man to ſcape ſo many wars,
And to protract thy glorious day ſo long,
Here for to periſh in a barbarous ſoyle,
And end liues date ſtabd by a Baſtards hand,
But yet with honour ſhalt thou be Intomb'd,
I will enbalme thy body with my teares,
And put thy aſhes in an Vrne of gold,
And build with marble a deſerued graue.
Whoſe worth indeede a Temple ought to haue.
Dolo. See how compaſſion drawes foorth Princely teares
And Vertue weepes her enemies funerall,
So ſorrowed the mighty *Alexander*,
When *Beſſus* hand cauſ'd *Darius* to die.
Ant. Theſe greeued ſorrowing Princes do with me,
Ioyntly agree in Contrariety,
Alacke we mourne, greeued is our mind alike,
Our gate is diſcontented, heauy our lookes,
Our ſorrowes all a like, but diſlike cauſe.
Their foe is their grifes cauſer which my friend,
It is the loſſe of one that makes them wayle,
But I, that one there is a cruell one,
Do wayle and greeue and vnregarded mone.
Fayre beames caſt forth from theſe diſmayfull eyes,
Chaine my poore heart, in loue and ſorrowes giues,
Cleo. Forget ſweete Prince theſe ſad perlexed thoughts,
Withdraw thy mind in clowdy diſcontent,
And with *Ægiptian* pleaſures feed thine eyes,
Wilt thou be hould the Sepulchers of Kings,
And Monuments that ſpeake the workemens prayſe?
Ile bring thee to Great *Alexanders* Tombe,
Where he, whome all the world could not ſuffice,

In bare ſix foote of Earth, intombed lies,
And ſhew thee all the coſt and curious art,
Which either *Cleops* or our *Memphis* boaſt:
Would you command a banquit in the Court,
Ile bring you to a Royall goulden bowre,
Fayrer then that wherein great *Ioue* doth ſit,
And heaues vp boles of *Nectar* to his Queene,
A ſtately Pallace, whoſe fayre doble gates:
Are wrought with garniſh'd Carued Iuory,
And ſtately pillars of pure bullion frand.
With Orient Pearles and Indian ſtones imboſt,
With golden Roofes that gliſter like the Sunne,
Shalbe prepard to entertaine my Loue:
Or wilt thou ſee our *Academick* Schooles,
Or heare our Prieſts to reaſon of the ſtarres,
Hence *Plato* fecht his deepe Philoſophy:
And heere in Heauenly knowledg they excell.

Antho. More then moſt faire, another Heauen to me,
The ſtarres where on Ile gaze ſhalbe thy face,
Thy morall deedes my ſweete Philoſophy,
Venus the muſe whoſe ayde I muſt implore:
O let me profit in this ſtudy beſt,
For Beauties ſcholler I am now preſeſt.

Lord. See how this faire *Egiptian* Sorceres,
Enchantes theſe Noble warriars man-like mindes,
And melts their hearts in loue and wantones.

Caſ. Moſt glorious Queene, whoſe cheerefull ſmiling
Expell theſe cloudes that ouer caſt my minde. (words)
Caſar will ioy in *Cleopatras* ioy,
And thinke his fame no whit diſparaged,
To change his armes, and deadly ſounding droms,
For loues ſweete Laies, and Lydian harmony,
And now hang vp theſe Idle inſtruments.
My warlike ſpeare and vncontrouled creſt:
My mortall wounding ſword and ſiluer ſhield,
And vnder thy ſweete banners beare the brunt,
Of peaceſull warres and amarous Alarmes:
Why *Mars* himſelfe his bloudy rage alayd,

Dallying

Dallying in *Venus* bed hath often playd,
And great *Alcides*, when he did returne:
From *Iunos* taskes, and *Nemean* victories,
From monsters fell, and *Nemean* toyles:
Reposed himselfe in *Deianiras* armes.
Heere will I pitch the pillars of my fame,
Heere the *non vltra* of my labors write,
And with these Cheekes of Roses, lockes of Gold,
End my liues date, and trauayles manifould.
Dolo. How many lets do hinder vertuous mindes,
From the pursuit of honours due reward,
Be sides *Caribdis*, and fell *Scyllas* spight:
More dangerous *Circe* and *Calipsoes* cup,
Then pleasant gardens of *Alcionus*:
And thousand lets voluptiousnesse doth offer.
Cæs. I will regard no more these murtherous spoyles,
And bloudy triumphs that I lik'd of late:
But in loues pleasures spend my wanton dayes,
Ile make thee garlondes of sweete smelling flowers,
And with faire rosall Chaplets crowne thy head,
The purple *Hyacinth* of *Phabus* Land:
Fresh *Amarinthus* that doth neuer die,
And faire *Narcissus* deere respendent shoars,
And Violets of Daffadilles so sweete,
Shall Beautify the Temples of my Loue,
Whil'st I will still gaze on thy beautious eyes,
And with Ambrosean kisses bath thy Cheekes.
Cleo. Come now faire Prince, and feast thee in our Courts
Where liberall *Ceres*, and *Liens* fat,
Shall powre their plenty forth and fruitfull store,
The sparkling liquor shall ore-flow his bankes:
And *Meroe* learne to bring forth pleasant wine,
Fruitfull *Arabia*, and the furthest Ind,
Shall spend their treasuries of *Spicery*,
VVith *Nardus* Coranets weele guird our heads;
And al the while melodious warbling notes,
Passing the seauen-fould harmony of Heauen:
Shall seeme to rauish our enchanted thoughts,

Thus is the feare of vnkinde *Ptolomey*,
Changed by thee to feast in lolity:
Antho. O how mine eares suck vp her heauenly words,
The whil'st mine eyes do prey vpon her face:
Cæs. Winde we then *Anthony* with this Royall Queene,
This day weele spend in mirth and banqueting.
Antho. Had I Queene, *Iunoes* heard-mans hundred eies,
To gaze vpon these two bright Sunnes o thirs:
Yet would they all be blinded instantly.
Cæs. VVhat hath some Melancholy discontent,
Ore-come thy minde with trobled passions.
Ant. Yet being blinded with the Sunny beames,
Her beauties pleasing colours would restore,
Decayed sight with fresh variety.
Lord. Lord *Anthony* what meanes this trobled minde,
Cæsar inuites thee to the royall feast,
That faire Queene *Cleopatra* hath prepard.
Antho. Pardon me worthy *Cæsar* and you Lords,
In not attending your most gratious speech
Thoughts of my Country, and returne to *Rome*,
Som-what distempered my busy head.
Cæs. Let no such thoughts distemper now thy minde,
This day to *Bacchus* will wee consecrate,
And in deepe goblets of the purest wine,
Drinke healths vnto our seuerall friends at home.
Antho. If of my Country or of *Rome* I thought,
Twas that I neuer ment for to come there,
But spend my life in this sweete paradise. *Exeun.*

ACT. 2. SCE. 4.

Enter Cicero, Brutus, Casca, Camber, Trebonius.

Cice. Most prudent heads, that with your councels wise,
The pillars of the mighty *Rome* sustaine,
You see how ciuill broyles haue torne our state:
And priuate strife hath wrought a publique wo,
Thessalia boasts that she hath seene our fall,

And

And *Rome* that whilom wont to Tiranize,
And in the necks of all the world hath rang'd,
Loosing her rule, to serue is now constrayned,
Pompey the hope and stay of Common-weale,
VVhose vertues promis'd *Rome* security
Now flies distrest, disconsolate, forlorne,
Reproch of Fortune, and the victors scorne.
Cæs. VVhat now is left for wretched *Rome* to hope,
But in laments and bitter future woe,
To wey the downefall of her former pride?
Againe *Torsenna* brings in *Tarquins* names,
And *Rome* againe doth smoke with furious flames.
In *Pompeys* fall wee all are ouerthrowne,
And subiect made to conqueror Tirany.
Bru. Most Noble *Cicero* and you *Romaine* Peeres,
Pardon the author of vnhappy newes,
And then prepare to heare my tragick tale.
VVith that same looke, that great *Atrides* stood,
At cruell alter staind with Daughters blood,
VVhen *Pompey* fled pursuing *Cæsars* sword,
And thought to shun his following desteny.
And then began to thinke on many a friend,
And many a one recalled hee to minde
Who in his Fortunes pride did leaue their liues,
And vowed seruice at his princely feete,
From out the rest, the yong *Egiptian* King,
VVhose Father of an Exild banish'd man
Hee seated had in throne of Maiesty,
Him chose, to whome he did commit his life,
(But O, who doth remember good-turnes past)
The Rising Sunne, not Setting, doth men please,
To ill committed was so great a trust,
Vnto so base a Fortune fauoring minde.
For he, the Conquerors fauor to obtaine,
By Treason caus'd great *Pompey* to be slaine:
Casca. O damned deede,
Cam. O Trayterous *Ptolomey*.
Tre. O most vnworthy and vngratefull fact.

Cum. What plages may ſerue to expiate this act,
The rouling ſtone or euerturning wheele,
The quenchles flames of firy *Phlegeton*,
Or endles thirſt of which the Poets talke,
Are all to gentle for ſo vilde a deede.
Caſ. Well did the *Cibills* vnreſpected verſe.
Bid thee beware of *Crocadiliſh Nile*,
Ter. And art thou in a barbarous ſoyle betrayd,
Defrawded *Pompey* of thy funerall rites,
There none could weepe vpon thy funerall hearſe,
None could thy Conſulſhipes and triumphs tell,
And in thy death ſet fourth thy liuing praiſe,
None would erect to thee a ſepulcher.
Or put thine aſhes in a pretious vrne,
Cice. Peace Lords lament not noble *Pompeys* death,
Nor thinke him wreched, cauſe he wants a Tombe,
Heauen couers him whome Earth denyes a graue:
Thinke you a heape of ſtones could him incloſe,
Whoe in the *Oceans* circuite buried is,
And euery place where *Roman* names are heard,
The world is his graue, where liuing fame doth blaze,
His funerall praiſe through his immortall trump,
And ore his tombe vertue and honor ſits,
With rented heare and eyes beſpent with teares,
And waile and weepe their deere ſonne *Pompeys* death,
Bru. But now my Lords for to augment this griefe,
Caſar the *Senates* deadly enimie,
Aimes eke to vs, and meanes to tryumph heere,
Vpon poore conquered *Rome* and common wealth,
Caſ. This was the end at which he alwayes aymd,
Tre. Then end all hope of *Romaines* liberty,
Riſe noble *Romaine*, riſe from rotten Tombes,
And with your ſwordes recouer that againe:
With your braue prowes won, our baſenes loſt,
Gic. Renowned Lords content your trobled minds,
Do not ad Fuell to the conquerors fier.
Which once inflamed will borne both *Rome* and vs.
Caſar although of high aſpiring thoughtes,

And vncontrould ambitious Maieſty,
Yet is of nature faire and courteous,
You ſee hee commeth conqueror of the Eaſt
Clad in the ſpoyles of the *Pharſalian* fieldes,
Then wee vnable to reſiſt ſuch powre:
By gentle peace and meeke ſubmiſſion,
Muſt ſeeke to pacify the victors wrath. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 2. SCE. 5.

Enter Cato Senior, and Cato Iunior.

[*Cat. Sen.* My Sonne thou ſeeſt howe all are ouerthrowne,
That ſought their Countries free-dome to maintaine,
Egipt forſakes vs, *Pompey* found his graue,
VVhere hee moſt ſuccor did expect to haue:
Scipio is ouerthrowne and with his haples fall,
Affrick to vs doth former ayde denay,
O who will helpe men in aduerſity:
Yet let vs ſhewe in our declining ſtate,
That ſtrength of minde, that vertues conſtancy,
That erſt we did in our felicity,
Though Fortune fayles vs lets not fayle our ſelues,
Remember boy thou art a *Romaine* borne,
And *Catoes* Sonne, of me do vertue learne;
Fortune of others, aboue althings ſee
Thou prize thy Countries loue and liberty,
All bleſſiings Fathers to their Sonnes can wiſh
Heauens powre on thee, and now my ſonne with-drawe
Thy ſelfe a while and leaue me to my booke.
Cat. Iun. What meanes my Father by this ſolemne leaue?
Firſt he remembred me of my Fortunes change,
And then more earneſtly did me exhort
To Counrries loue, and conſtancy of minde,
Then he was wont: ſom-whats the cauſe,
But what I knowe not, O I feare I feare,
His to couragious heart that cannot beare
The thrall of *Rome* and triumph of his foe,

By

By his owne hand threats danger to his life,
How ere it be at hand I will abide,
VVayting the end of this that shal betide. *Exit.*

Cato Senior with a booke in his hand.

Cato Sen. *Plato* that promised immortality,
Doth make my soule resolue it selfe to mount,
Vnto the bowre of those Celestiall ioyes,
VVhere freed from lothed Prison of my soule,
In heauenly notes to *Phœbus* which shall sing:
And *Pean Io*, *Pean* loudely ring.
Then fayle not hand to execute this deede,
Nor faint nor heart for to command my hand,
VVauer not minde to counsell this resolue,
But with a courage and thy liues last act,
Now do I giue thee *Rome* my last farewell.
Who cause thou feareſt ill do therefore die,
O talke not now of *Cannas* ouerthrowe,
And raze out of thy lasting Kalenders,
Those bloudy songes of *Hilias* dismall sight:
And note with black, that black and curſed day,
When *Cæsar* conquered in *Pharsalia*,
Yet will not I his conqueſt glorifie:
My ouerthrow shall neere his triumph grace,
For by my death to the world Ile make that knowne,
No hand could conquer *Cato* but his owne. *stabs himself.*

Enter Cato Iunior running to him.

Ca. Iun. O this it was my minde told me before,
VVhat meanes my Father, why with naked blade,
Doſt thou assault, that faithfull princely hand:
And mak'ſt the base Earth to drinke thy Noble bloud,
Bee not more sterne, and cruell' gainſt thy selfe,
Then thy moſt hateful enemies would be,
No *Parthian*, *Gaule*, *Moore*, no not *Cæsars* selfe,
VVould with such cruelty thy worth repay,
O stay thy hand, giue me thy fatall blade:
VVhich turnes his edge and waxeth blunt to wound,
A breſt so fraught with vertue excellent.

Ca. Seni. VVhy doſt thou let me of my firme resolue,

Vnkinde

Vnkinde boy hinderer of thy Fathers ioy,
Why doſt thou ſlay me, or wilt thou betray
Thy Fathers life vnto his foe-mens hands,
And yet I wrong thy faith, and loue too much,
In thy ſoules kindeneſſe, tis thou art vnkinde.
Cat. Iun. If for your ſelfe you do this life reiect,
Yet you your Sonnes and Countries: ſake reſpect,
Rob not my yong yeares of ſo ſweete a ſtay,
Nor take from *Rome* the Pillor of her ſtrength.
Cat. Sene. Although I die, yet do I leaue behinde,
My vertues fauor to bee thy youths guide:
But for my Country, could my life it profit,
Ile not refuſe to liue that died for it,
Now doth but one ſmal ſnuffe of breath remaine:
And that to keepe, ſhould I mine Honor ſtaine?
Cat. Iuni. Where you do ſtriue to ſhew your vertue moſt,
There more you do diſgrace it Cowards vſe,
To ſhun the woes and troubles of this life:
Baſely to flie to deaths ſafe ſanctuary,
When conſtant vertues doth the hotteſt brunt's,
Of grieſes aſſaultes vnto the end endure.
Ca. Seni. Thy words preuaile, come lift me vp my Son,
And call ſome help to binde my bleeding wounds.
Cat. Iuni. Father I go with a more willing minde,
Then did *Æneas* when from *Troyan* fire,
He bare his Father, and did ſo reſtore:
The greateſt gift hee had receiued before. *Exit:*
Cat. Seni. Now haue I freed mee of that hurtfull Loue,
Which interrupted my reſolued will,
Which all the world can neuer ſtay nor change:
Caſar whoſe rule commands both Sea and Land,
Is not of powre to hinder this weake hand,
And time ſucceeding ſhall behold that I
Although not liue, yet died courragiouſly, *ſtab himſelfe.*

Enter Cato Iunior.

Ca. Iuni. O haſt thou thus to thine owne harme deceiu'd me
Well I perceiue thy Noble dauntles heart:
Becauſe it would not beare the Conquerors inſolence,

Vſed on it ſelfe this cruell violence,
I know not whether I ſhould more lament,
That by thine owne hand thou thus ſlaughtred art,
Or ioy that thou ſo nobly didſt depart. *Exit.*

FINIS. ACTVS. 2.

Enter Diſcord.

Diſ. Now *Ceſar* rides triumphantly through *Rome*,
And deckes the Capitoll with *Pompeys* ſpoyle:
Ambition now doth vertues ſeat vſurp,
Then thou Reuengfull great *Adaſtria* Queene.
Awake with horror of thy dubbing Drumm,
And call the ſnaky furies from below,
To daſh the Ioy of their triumphing pride,
Erinnis kindle now thy *Stigian* brands,
In diſcontented *Brutus* boyling breſt,
Let *Ceſar* die a bleeding ſacrifice,
Vnto the Soule of thy dead Country *Rome*.
Why ſleepeſt thou *Caſſius*? wake thee from thy dreame
And yet thou naught doſt dreame but blood and death.
For dreadfull viſions do affright thy ſleepe.
And howling Ghoſts with gaſtly horrors cry,
By *Caſſius* hand muſt wicked *Ceſar* die,
Now *Rome* caſt of thy gaudy painted robes
And cloth thy ſelfe in ſable colored weedes,
Change thy vaine triumphs into funerall pomps,
And *Ceſar* caſt thy Laurell crowne apart,
And bind thy temples with ſad *Cypres* tree,
Of warrs thus peace inſues, of peace more harmes,
Then erſt was wrought by tragick wars alarmes, *Exit.*

ACT. 3. SCE. 1.

Enter Caſſius.

Caſ. Harke how *Ceſarians* with reſounding ſhoutes,
Tell heauens of their pompes and victories,

Ceſar

Caſar that long in pleaſures idle lap,
And daliance vayne of his Proud Curtezan,
Had luld his ſterne and bloody thoughts a ſleepe,
Now in *Rome* ſtreets ore *Romaines* come to triumph,
And to the *Romains* ſhews thoſe *Tropheyes* ſad,
Which from the *Romaines* he with blood did get:
The Tyrant mounted in his goulden chayre,
Rides drawne with milke white palferies in like pride,
As *Phæbus* from his Orientall gate,
Mounted vpon the firy *Phlegetons* backes.
Comes prauncing forth, ſhaking his dewie locks:
Caſar thou art in glories cheefeſt pride,
Thy ſonne is mounted in the higheſt poynt:
Thou placed art in top of fortunes wheele,
Her wheele muſt turne, thy glory muſt eclipſe;
Thy Sunne deſcend and looſe his radiant light,
And if none be, whoſe countryes ardent loue,
And loſſe of *Roman* liberty can moue,
Ile be the man that ſhall this taske performe.
Caſſius hath vowed it to dead *Pompeys* ſoule,
Caſſius hath vowed it to afflicted *Rome*,
Caſſius hath vowed it, witnes Heauen and Earth, *Exit*

ACTVS 3. SCENA 2.

Enter Caſar, Antony, Dolobella, Lords, two Romaines, & others

Caſar. Now haue I ſhaked of theſe womaniſh linkes,
In which my captiud thoughts were chayned a fore,
By that fayre charming *Circes* wounding look,
And now like that ſame ten yeares trauayler,
Leauing be-hind me all my trobles paſt.
I come awayted with attending fame,
Who through her ſhrill triump doth my name reſound,
And makes proud *Tiber* and *Lygurian Poe*,
(Yet a ſad witner of the Sunne-Gods loſſe,)
Beare my names glory to the *Ocean* mayne,
Which to the worlds end ſhall it bound it again,

As from *Phægean* fields the King of Gods,
With conquering ſpoyles and *Tropheus* proud returnd,
When great *Typheus* fell by thundering darts,
And rod away with their Cæleſtiall troops,
In greateſt pride through Heauens ſmooth paued way,
So ſhall the Pompeous glory of my traine,
Daring to match ould *Saturns* kingly Sonne,
Call downe theſe goulden lampes from the bright skie,
And leaue Heauen blind, my greatnes to admire.
This laurell garland in fayre conqueſt made,
Shall ſtayne the pride of *Ariadnes* crowne,
Clad in the beauty of my glorious lampes,
Caſſiopea leaue thy ſtarry chayre,
And onmy Sun-bright Chariot wheels attend,
Which in triumphing pompe doth *Cæſar* beare.
To Earths aſtoniſhment, and amaze of Heauen:
Now looke proude *Rome* from thy ſeuen-fould ſeate,
And ſee the world thy ſubiect, at thy feete,
And *Cæſar* ruling ouer all the world.

Dolo. Now let vs ceaſe to boaſt of *Romulus*,
Firſt author of high *Rome* and *Romaines* name.
Nor talke of *Scaurus*, worthy *Africans*,
The ſcurge of *Libia*, and of *Carthage* pride,
Nor of vnconquered *Paulus* dauntles minde,
Since *Cæſars* glory them exceedes as farre
As ſhining *Phebe* doth the dimmeſt ſtarre.

Ant. Like as the Ship-man that hath loſt the ſtarre.
By which his doubtfull ſhip he did direct,
Wanders in darkenes, and in Cloudy night,
So hauing loſt my ſtarr, my Gouerneſſe.
Which did direct me, with her Sonne-bright ray,
In greeſe I wander and in ſad diſmay:
And though of triumphes and of victoryes,
I do the out-ward ſignes and *Trophies* beare,
Yet ſee mine inward mind vnder that face,
Whoſe collours to theſe Triumphes is diſgrace.

Lord. As when from vanquiſhed *Macedonia*,
Triumphing ore King *Perſius* ouerthrow,

Conquering

Conquering *Æmelius*, in great glory came.
Shewing the worlds spoyles which he had bereft,
From the successors of great *Alexander*,
With such high pomp, yea greater victories,
Cæsar triumphing coms into fayre *Rome*,

1. *Rom.* In this one Champion all is comprehended,
Which ancient times in seuerall men commended,
Alcides strength, *Achilles* dauntles heart,
Great *Phillips* Sonne by magnanimity.
Sterne *Pyrhus* vallour, and great *Hectors* might,
And all the prowes, that ether *Greece* or *Troy*,
Brought forth in that same ten years *Troians* warre.

2. *Rom.* Faire *Rome* great monument of *Romulus*.
Thou mighty seate of consuls and of Kings:
Ouer-victorious now Earths Conquerer,
Welcome thy valiant sonne that to thee brings,
Spoyles of the world, and exquies of Kings.

Cæsar. The conquering Issue of immortall *Ioue*,
Which in the *Persian* spoyles first fetch his fame.
Then through *Hydaspis*, and the *Caspian* waues,
Vnto the sea vnknowne his praise did propagate,
Must to my glory vayle his conquering crest:
The *Lybick* Sands, and *Africk Sirts* hee past.
Bactrians and *Zogdians*, knowne but by their names,
Whereby his armes resistles, powers subdued,
And *Ganges* streames congeald with *Indian* blood,
Could not transeport his burthen to the sea.
But these nere lerned at *Mars* his games to play,
Nor tost these bloody bals, of dread and death:
Arar and proud *Saramna* speaks my praise,
Rohdans shrill *Tritons* through their brasen trumpes,
Ecco my fame against the *Gallian* Towers,
And *Isis* wept to see her daughter *Thames*.
Chainge her cleere cristall, to vermilian sad,
The big bond *German*, and *Heluetian* stout,
Which well haue learned to tosse a tusked speare,
And well can curbe a noble stomackt horse,
Can *Cæsars* vallour witnes to their greefe

Iuba the mighty *Affrick* Potentate,
That with his cole-black *Negroes* to the field,
Backt with *Numidian* and *Getulian* horſe,
Hath felt the puiſſance of a *Roman* ſword.
I entred *Aſia* with my banners ſpred,
Diſplayed the Ægle on the Euxin ſea:
By *Iaſon* firſt, and ventrous Argo cut,
And in the rough *Cimerian Boſphorus*
A heauy witneſſe of *Pharnaces* flight,
And now am come to triumph heere in *Rome*,
VVith greater glory then ere *Romaine* did. *Exeunt.*

Sound drums and Trumpets amaine.

Enter Anthony.

Antho. Alas theſe triumphes moue not me at all,
But only do renew remembrance ſad,
Of her triumphing and imperious lookes,
VVhich is the Saint and Idoll of my thoughtes:
Firſt was I wounded by her percing eye:
Next priſoner tane by her captiuing ſpeech,
And now ſhee triumphes ore my conquered heart,
In *Cupids* Chariot ryding in her pride,
And leades me captiue bounde in Beauties bondes:
Cæſars lip-loue, that neuer touch'd his heart,
By preſent triumph and the abſent fire,
Is now waxt could; but mine that was more deepe,
Ingrauen in the marble of my breſt,
Nor time nor Fortune ere can raze it out.

Enter Anthonies *bonus genius.*

Gen. Anthony, baſe femall Anthony,
Thou womans ſouldiar, fit for nights aſſaults,
Haſt thou ſo ſoone forgot the diſcipline,
And wilſome taſkes thy youth was trayned to,
Thy ſoft downe Pillow, was a helme of ſteele:
The could damp earth, a bed to eaſe thy toyle,
Afrigted ſlumbers were thy golden ſleepes:
Hunger and thirſt thy ſweeteſt delicates,
Sterne horror, gaſtly woundes, pale greeſly death:
Thy winde depreſſing pleaſures and delights,

And

And now ſo ſoone hath on enchanted face,
Theſe manly labours luld in drowſy ſleepe:
The Gods(whoſe meſſenger I heere do ſtand)
Will not then drowne thy fame in Idleneſſe:
Yet muſt *Philippi* ſee thy high exploytes,
And all the world ring of thy Victories.
Antho. Say what thou art, that in this dreadful ſort
Forbidd'ſt me of my *Cleopatra* s loue.
Gen. I am thy *bonus Genius*, A^n^ *thony*,
VVhich to thy dul eares this do prophecy:
That fatall face which now doth ſo bewitch thee,
Like to that vaine vnconſtant Greekiſh dame,
VVhich made the ſtately *Ilian* towres to ſmoke,
Shall thouſand bleeding *Romains* lay one ground:
Hymen in ſable not in ſaferon robes,
Inſtead of roundes ſhall doletull dirges ſinge,
For nuptiall tapers, ſhall the furies beare,
Blew-burning torches to increaſe your feare:
The bride-grooms ſcull ſhal make the bridal bondes:
And hel-borne hags ſhall dance an Antick round,
VVhile *Hecate Hymen*(heu, heu) *Hymen* cries,
And now methinkes I ſee the ſeas blew face:
Hidden with ſhippes, and now the trumpets ſound,
And weake *Canopus* with the Ægle ſtriues,
Neptune amazed at this dreadfull ſight:
Cals blew ſea Gods for to behold the fight,
Glaucus and *Panopea*, *Proteus* ould,
VVho now for feare changeth his wonted ſhape,
Thus your vaine loue which with delight begunne:
In Idle ſport ſhall end with bloud and ſhame. *Exit.*
Antho. VVhat waſt my *Genius* that mee threatned thus?
They ſay that from our birth he doth preſerue:
And on mee will he powre theſe miſeries?
VVhat burning torches, what alarums of warre,
VVhat ſhames did he to my loues prophesie?
O no hee comes as winged *Mercurie*,
From his great Father *Ioue*, t'*Anchiſes* ſo^n^ ne
To warne him leaue the wanton dalliance,

And charming pleaſures of the *Tyrian* Court,
Then wake the *Anthony* from this idle dreame,
Caſt of theſe baſe effeminate paſſions:
Which melt the courrage of thy manlike minde,
And with thy ſword receiue thy ſleeping praiſe. *Exit.*

ACT. 3. SC. 3.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. How long in baſe ignoble patience,
Shall I behold my Countries woſull fall,
O you braue *Romains*, and among'ſt the reſt
Moſt Noble *Brutus*, faire befall your ſoules:
Let Peace and Fame your Honored graues awaite,
Who through ſuch perils, and ſuch tedious warres,
Won your great labors priſe ſweete liberty,
But wee that with our life did freedoms take,
And did no ſooner Men, then free-men, breath:
To looſe it now continuing ſo long,
And with ſuch lawes, ſuch vowes, ſuch othes confirm'd
Can nothing but diſgrace and ſhame expect:
But ſoft what ſee I written on my ſeate,
O vtinam Brute viueres.
What meaneth this, thy courage dead,
But ſtay, reade forward, *Brute mortuus es.*
I thou art dead indeed, thy courrage dead
Thy care and loue thy deareſt Country dead,
Thy wonted ſpirit and Noble ſtomack dead.

Enter Caſſius.

Caſſi. The times drawe neere by gratious heauens
When *Philips* Sonne muſt fall in *Babilon*, (aſſignd)
In his triumphing proud perſumption:
But ſee where melancholy *Brutus* walkes,
Whoſe minde is hammering on no meane conceit:
Then ſound him *Caſſius*, ſee how hee is inclined,
How fares young *Brutus* in this tottering ſtate,
Bru. Euen as an idle gazer, that beholdes,

His

His Countries wrackes and cannot succor bring.
Cassi. But wil *Brute* alwaies in this dreame remaine,
And not bee mooued with his Countries mone.
Bru. O that I might in *Lethes* endles sleepe,
And neere awaking pleasant rest of death
Close vp mine eyes, that I no more might see,
Poore *Romes* distresse and Countries misery.
Cas. No *Brutus* liue, and wake thy sleepy minde,
Stirre vp those dying sparkes of honors fire,
VVhich in thy gentle breast weare wont to flame:
See how poore *Rome* oppresst with Countries wronges,
Implores thine ayde, that bred thee to that end,
Thy kins-mans soule from heauen commandes thine aide:
That lastly must by thee receiue his end,
Then purchas honor by a glorious death,
Or liue renown'd by ending *Cæsars* life.
Bru. I can no longer beare the Tirants pride,
I cannot heare my Country crie for ayde,
And not bee mooued with her pitious mone,
Brutus thy soule shall neuer more complaine:
That from thy linage and most vertuous stock,
A bastard weake degenerat branch is borne,
For to distaine the honor of thy house.
No more shall now the *Romains* call me dead,
Ile liue againe and rowze my sleepy thoughts:
And with the Tirants death begin this life.
Rome now I come to reare thy states decayed,
VVhen or this hand shall cure thy fatall wound,
Or else this heart by bleeding on the ground.
Cas. Now heauen I see applaudes this enterprise,
And *Rhadamanth* into the fatall Vrne,
That lotheth death, hath thrust the Tirants name,
Cæsar the life that thou in bloud hast led:
Shall heape a bloudy vengance on thine head. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 2. SCE. 1.

Enter Cæsar, Anthony Dolobella, Lords, and others.

Cæs. Now servile *Pharthia* proud in *Romaine* spoile,
Shall pay her ransome vnto *Cæsars* Ghost:
Which vnreuenged roues by the Stygian strond,
Exclaming on our sluggish negligence.
Leaue to lament braue *Romans*, loe I come,
Like to the God of battell, mad with rage,
To die their riuers with vermilion red:
Ile fill *Armenians* playnes and *Medians* hils,
With carkases of bastard *Scithian* broode,
And there proud Princes will I bring to *Rome*,
Chained in fetters to my charriot wheeles:
Desire of fame and hope of sweete reueng,
Which in my brest hath kindled such a flame,
As nor *Euphrates*, nor sweet *Tybers* streame,
Can quench or slack this feruent boyling heate:
These conquering souldiers that haue followed me,
From vanquisht *France* to sun-burnt *Meroe*,
Matching the best of *Alexanders* troopes.
Shall with their lookes put *Parthian* foes to flight,
And make them twise turne their deceitfull lookes,

Ant. The restlesse mind that harbors sorrowing thoughts,
And is with child of noble enterprise,
Doth neuer cease from honors toilesome taske,
Till it bringes forth Eternall gloryes broode.
So you fayre braunch of vertues great discent,
Now hauing finish'd Ciuill warres sad broyles,
Intend by *Parthian* triumphes to enlarge,
Your contryes limits, and your owne renowne,
But cause in *Sibilles* ciuill writs we finde,
None but a King that conquest can atchiue,
Both for to crowne your deedes with due reward,
And as auspicious signes of victorye.
Wee here present you with this *Diadem*,

Lord. And euen as kings were banish'd *Romes* high throne

Cause

Cauſe their baſe vice, her honour did deſtayne,
So to your rule doth ſhee ſubmit her ſelfe,
That her renowne there by might brighter ſhine,
Cæſar. Why thinke you Lords that tis ambitions ſpur.
That pricketh *Cæſar* to theſe high attempts,
Or hope of Crownes, or thought of *Diadems*,
That made me wade through honours perilous deepe,
Vertue vnto it ſelfe a ſhure reward,
My labours all ſhall haue a pleaſing doome,
If you but Iudge I will deſerue of *Rome*:
Did thoſe old *Romaines* ſuffer ſo much ill?
Such tedious ſeeges, ſuch enduring warrs?
Tarquinius hates, and great *Porſennas* threats,
To baniſh proude imperious tyrants rule?
And ſhall my euerdaring thoughts contend
To marre what they haue brought to happy end:
Or thinke you cauſe my Fortune hath expeld,
My friends, come let vs march in iolity,
Ile triumph Monarke-like ore conquering *Rome*,
Or end my conqueſts with my countryes ſpoyles,
Dolo. O noble Princely reſolution.
Theſe or not victoryes that we ſo call,
That onely blood and murtherous ſpoyles can vaunt:
But this ſhalbe thy victory braue Prince,
That thou haſt conquered thy owne climing thoughts,
And with thy vertue beat ambition downe,
And this no leſſe inblazon ſhall thy fame.
Then thoſe great deeds and chiualrous attempts,
That made thee conqueror in *Theſſalia*.
Ant. This noble mind and Pincely modeſty,
Which in contempt of honours brightnes ſhines,
Makes vs to wiſh the more for ſuch a Prince,
Whoſe vertue not ambition won that praiſe,
Nor ſhall we thinke it loſſe of liberty.
Or *Romaine* liberty any way impeached,
For to ſubiect vs to his Princely rule,
Whoſe thoughts fayre vertue and true honor guides:
Vouchſafe then to accept this goulden crowne,

A gift not equall to thy dignity.

Ces. Content you Lordes for I wilbe no King,
An odious name vnto the *Romaine* eare,
Cesar I am, and wilbe *Cæsar* ſtill,
No other title ſhall my Fortunes grace:
Which I will make a name of higher ſtate
Then Monarch, King or worldes great Potentate.
Of *Ioue* in Heauen, ſhall ruled bee the ſkie,
The Earth of *Cesar*, with like Maieſty.
This is the Scepter that my crowne ſhall beare,
And this the golden diadem Ile weare,
A farre more rich and royall ornament,
Then all the Crownes that the proud *Perſian* gaue:
Forward my Lordes let Trumpets ſound our march,
And drums ſtrike vp Reuenges ſad alarms,
Parthia we come with like incenſed heate,
As great *Atrides* with the angry Greekes,
Marching in fury to pale walls of Troy.

ACT. 3. SC. 5.

Enter Caſſius, Brutus, Trebonius, Cumber Caſca.

Tre. Braue Lords whoſe forward reſolution,
Shewes you deſcended from true *Romaine* line,
See how old *Rome* in winter of her age,
Reioyſeth in ſuch Princely budding hopes,
No leſſe then once ſhe in *Decius* vertue did,
Or great *Camillus* bringing back of ſpoyles.
On then braue Lords of this attempt begun,
The ſacred Senate doth commend the deede:
Your Countries loue incites you to the deed,
Vertue her ſelfe makes warrant of the deed,
Then Noble *Romains* as you haue begun:
Neuer deſiſt vntill this deede be done.

Caſ. To thee Reueng doth *Caſſius* kneele him downe.
Thou that brings quiet to perplexed ſoules,
And borne in Hel, yet harboreſt heauens ioyes,

Whoſe

Whose fauor slaughter is, and dandling death,
Bloud-thirsty pleasures and mis boding blisse:
Brought forth of Fury, nurse of cankered Hate,
To drowne in woe the pleasures of the world,
Thou shalt no more in duskish *Erebus*:
And dark-some hell obscure thy Deity,
Insteede of *loue* thou shalt my Godesse bee,
To thee faire Temples *Cassius* will erect:
And on thine alter built of *Parian* stone
Whole *Hecatombs* will I offer vp.
Laugh gentle Godesse on my bould attempt,
Yet in thy laughter let pale meager death:
Bee wrapt in wrinkels of thy murthering spoyles.

Bru. An other *Tarquin* is to bee expeld,
An other *Brutus* liues to act the deede:
Tis not one nation that this *Tarquin* wronges,
All *Rome* is stayn'd with his vnrul'd desires,
Shee whose imperiall scepter was invr'd:
To conquer Kings and to controul the world,
Cannot abate the glory of her state,
To yeeld or bowe to one mans proud desires:
Sweete Country *Rome* here *Brutus* vowes to thee,
To loose his life or else to set thee free.

Cas. Shame bee his share that doth his life so prize,
That to *Romes* weale it would not sacrifize,
My Poniardes point shall pearce his heart as deepe,
As earst his sworde *Romes* bleeding side did goare:
And change his garments to the purple die,
With which our bloud had stayned fad *Thessaly*.

Cam. Heedoth refuse the title of a King,
But wee do see hee doth vsurp the thing.

Tre. Our ancient freedome hee empeacheth more,
Then euer King or Tyrant did before.

Cas. The Senators by him are quite disgrac'd,
Rome, *Romans*, Citty, Freedome, all defac'd.

Cassi. We come not Lords, as vnresolued men,
For to shewe causes of the deed decreed,
This shall dispute for mee and tell him why,

This heart, hand, minde, hath mark'd him out to die:
If it be true that furies quench-les thirſt,
Is pleaſ'd with quaffing of ambitious bloud,
Then all you deuills whet my Poniards point,
And I wil broach you a bloud-ſucking heart:
Which full of bloud, muſt bloud ſtore to you yeeld,
Were it a peeree to flint or marble ſtone:
Why ſo it is for *Ceſars* heart's a ſtone,
Els would bee mooued with my Countries mone.
They ſay you furies inſtigate mens mindes,
And puſh their armes to finniſh bloudy deedes:
Prick then mine Elbo: goade my bloudy hand,
That it may goare *Ceſars* ambitious heart. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS 3. SCENA 6.

Enter Ceſar, Calphurnia.

Ceſ. Why thinkes my loue to fright me with her dreames?
Shall bug-beares feare *Ceſars* vndaunted heart,
Whome *Pompeys* Fortune neuer could amaze,
Nor the *French* horſe, nor *Mauritanian* boe,
And now ſhall vaine illuſions mee affright:
Or ſhadowes daunt, whom ſubſtance could not quell?

Calphur. O deareſt *Ceſar*, haſt thou ſeene thy ſelfe,
(As troubled dreames to me did faine thee ſeene:)
Torne, Wounded, Maymed, Blod-ſlaughtered, Slaine,
O thou thy ſelfe, wouldſt then haue dread thy ſelfe:
And feard to thruſt thy life to dangers mouth.

Ceſ. There you bewray the folly of your dreame,
For I am well, aliue, vncaught, vntoucht.

Calphur. I' was in the Senate-houſe I ſawe thee ſo,
And yet thou dreadles thither needes will go.

Ceſ. The Senate is a place of peace, not death,
But theſe were but deluding viſions.

Calphur. O do not ſet ſo little by the heauens,
Dreames ar diuine, men ſay they come from *Ioue*,
Beware betimes, and bee not wiſe to late:

Mens

Mens good indeuours change the wills of Fate,
Cæs. Weepe not faire loue, let not thy wofull teares
Bode mee, I knowe what thou wouldest not haue to hap
It will distaine mine honor wonne in fight
To say a womans dreame could me affright,
Cal. O *Cæsar* no dishonour canst thou get,
In seeking to preuent vnlucky chance:
Foole-hardy men do runne vpon their death,
Bee thou in this perswaded by thy wife:
No vallour bids thee cast away thy life.
Cæs. Tis dastard cowardize and childish feare,
To dread those dangers that do not appeare:
Cal. Thou must sad chance by fore-cast, wise resist,
Or being done say boote-les had I wist.
Cæs. But for to feare wher's no suspition,
Will to my greatnesse be derision.
Cal. There lurkes an adder in the greenest grasse,
Daungers of purpose alwayes hide their face:
Cæs. Perswade no more *Cæsar's* resolu'd to go.
Cal. The Heauens resolue that hee may safe returne,
For if ought happen to my loue but well:
His danger shalbe doubled with my death. *Exit.*

Enter Augur.

Augur. I, come they are, but yet they are not gon.
Cæs. What hast thou sacrifiz'd, as custome is,
Before wee enter in the Senat-house.
Augur. O stay those steeps that leade thee to thy death,
The angry heauens with threatning dire aspect,
Boding mischance, and balfull massacers,
Menace the ouerthrowe of *Cæsars* powre:
Saturne sits frowning on the God of Warre,
VVho in their sad coniunction do conspire,
Vniting both their bale-full influences,
To heape mischance, and danger to thy life:
The Sacrificing beast is heart-les found:
Sad ghastly sightes, and raysed Ghostes appeare,
Which fill the silent woods, with groning cries:
The hoarse Night-rauen tunes the chearles voyce,
And calls the bale-full Owle, and howling Doge,

To make a consort. In whose sad song is this,
Neere is the ouerthrow of *Cæsars* blisse. *Exit.*

Cæsar. The world is set to fray mee from my wits,
Heers harteles Sacrifice and visions,
Howlinge and cryes, and gastly grones of Ghosts,
Soft *Cæsar* do not make a mockery,
Of these Prodigious signes sent from the Heauens,
Calphurnias Dreame lumping which *Augurs* words,
Shew (if thou markest it *Cæsar*) cause to feare:
This day the Senate there shalbe dissolued,
And Ile returne to my *Calphurnia* home, *One giues him*
What hast thou heare that thou presents vs with, *a paper.*

Pre. A thing my Lord that doth concerne your life.
Which loue to you and hate of such a deed,
Makes me reueale vnto your excellence. *Cæsar laughs.*
Smilest thou, or think'st thou it some ilde toy,
Thout frowne a non to read so many names.
That haue conspird and sworne thy bloody death, *Exit.*

Enter Cassius.

Cassius. Now must I come, and with close subtile girdes,
Deceaue the prey that Ile deuoure anon,
My Lord the Sacred Senate doth expect,
Your royall presence in *Pompeius* court:

Cæsar. *Cassius* they tell me that some daungers nigh.
And death pretended in the Senate house.

Cassi. What danger or what wrong can be,
Where harmeles grauitie and vertue sits,
Tis past all daunger present death it is,
Nor is it wrong to render due desert.
To feare the Senators without a cause,
Will bee a cause why theile be to be feared,

Cæsa. The Senate stayes for me in *Pompeys* court,
And *Cæsars* heere, and dares not goe to them,
Packe hence all dread of danger and of death,
What must be, must be; *Cæsars* prest for all,

Cassi. Now haue I sent him headlong to his ende,
Vengance and death awayting at his heeles,
Cæsar thy life now hangeth on a twine,

Which

Which by my Poniard muſt bee cut in twaine,
Thy chaire of ſtate now turn'd is to thy Beere,
Thy Princely robes to make thy winding ſheete:
The Senators the Mourners ore the Hearſe,
And *Pompeys* Court, thy dreadfull graue ſhalbe.

Senators crie all at once.

Omnes. Hold downe the Tyrant ſtab him to the death:

Caſi. Now doth the muſick play and this the ſong
That *Caſſius* heart hath thirſted for ſo long:
And now my Poniard in this mazing ſound,
Muſt ſtrike that touch that muſt his life confound.
Stab on, ſtab on, thus ſhould your Poniards play,
Aloud deepe note vpon this trembling Kay. *ſtab him.*

Buco. Bucolian ſends thee this. *ſtab him.*

Cum. And *Cumber* this. *ſtab him:*

Caſ. Take this frō *Caſca* for to quite *Romes* wronges.

Cæſ. Why murtherous villaines know you whō you ſtrike,
Tis *Cæſar, Cæſar*, whom your Poniards pierce:
Cæſar whoſe name might well affright ſuch ſlaues:
O Heauens that ſee and hate this haynous guilt,
And thou Immortall *Ioue* that Idle holdeſt
Deluding Thunder in thy faynting hand,
Why ſtay'ſt thy dreadfull doome, and doſt with-hold,
Thy three-fork'd engine to reuenge my death:
But if my plaintes the Heauens cannot mooue,
Then blackeſt hell and *Pluto* bee thou iudge:
You greeſly daughters of the cheereles night,
Whoſe hearts, nor praier nor pitty, ere could lend,
Leaue the black dungeon of your *Chaos* deepe:
Come and with flaming brandes into the world,
Reuenge, and death, bringe ſeated in yout eyes:
And plauge theſe villaynes for their trecheries.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. I haue held *Anthony* with a vaine diſcourſe,
The whilſt the deed's in execution,
But liues hee ſtill, yet doth the Tyrant breath?
Chalinging Heauens with his blaſphemies,
Heere *Brutus* maketh a paſſage for thy Soule,

To plead thy cauſe for them whoſe ayde thou craueſt,
Caſ. What *Brutus* to? nay nay, then let me die,
Nothing wounds deeper then ingratitude,
Bru. I bloody *Ceſar*, *Ceſar*, *Brutus* too,
Doth geeue thee this, and this to quite *Romes* wrongs,
Caſſius. O had the Tyrant had as many liues,
As that fell *Hydra* borne in *Lerna* lake,
That heare I ſtill might ſtab and ſtabing kill,
Till that more liues might bee extinquiſhed,
Then his ambition, *Romanes* Slaughtered.
Tre. How heauens haue iuſtly on the authors head,
Returnd the guiltles blood which he hath ſhed,
And *Pompey*, he who cauſed thy Tragedy,
Here breathles lies before thy Noble Statue,

Enter Anthony.

Anth. What cryes of death reſound within my eares,
Whome I doe ſee great *Ceſar* buchered thus?
What ſaid I great? I *Ceſar* thou waſt great,
But O that greatnes was that brought thy death:
O vniuſt Heauens, (if Heauens at all there be,)
Since vertues wronges makes queſtion of your powers,
How could your ſtarry eyes this ſhame behold,
How could the ſunne ſee this and not eclipze?
Fayre bud of fame ill cropt before thy time:
What *Hyrcan* tygar, or wild ſauage bore,
(For he more heard then Bore or Tyger was,)
Durſt do ſo vile and execrate a deede,
Could not thoſe eyes ſo full of maieſty,
Nor prieſthood (o not thus to bee prophand)
Nor yet the reuerence to this ſacred place,
Nor flowing eloquence of thy goulden tounge,
Nor name made famous through immortall merit,
Deter thoſe murtherors from ſo vild a deed?
Sweete friend accept theſe obſequies of mine,
Which heare with teares I doe vnto thy hearſe,
And thou being placed among the ſhining ſtarrs.
Shalt downe from Heauen behold what deepe reueng,

I will inflict vpon the murtherers, *Exit with Cæsar, in his armes.*

FINIS. Act. 3.

Enter Discord.

Dis. Brutus thou hast what long desire hath sought,
Cæsar Lyes weltring in his purple Goare,
Thou art the author of *Romes* liberty,
Proud in thy murthering hand and bloody knife.
Yet thinke *Octauian* and sterne *Anthony*,
Cannot let passe this murther vnreuenged,
Thessalia once againe must see your blood,
And *Romane* drommes must strike vp new alarmes,
Harke how *Bellona* shakes her angry lance:
And enuie clothed in her crimson weed,
Me thinkes I see the fiery shields to clash,
Eagle gainst Eagle, *Rome* gainst *Rome* to fight,
Phillipi, Cæsar, quittance must thy wronges,
Whereas that hand shall stab that trayterous heart,
That durst encourage it to worke thy death,
Thus from thine ashes *Cæsar* doth arise
As from *Medeas* haples scatered teeth:
New flames of wars, and new outragious broyles,
Now smile *Æmathia* that euen in thy top,
Romes victory and pride shalbe entombd,
And those great conquerors of the vanquished earth,
Shall with their swords come there to dig their graues.

ACTVS. 4. SCENA. 1.

Enter Octauian.

Octa. Mourne gentle Heauens for you haue lost your ioy.
Mourne greeued earth thy ornament is gon,
Mourne *Rome* in great thy Father is deceased:
Mourne thou *Octauian*, thou it is must mourne,
Mourne for thy Vncle who is dead and gon.

Mourne for thy Father to vngently ſlaine,
Mourne for thy Friend whome thy miſhap hath loſt,
For Father, Vnkell, Friend, go make thy mone,
Who all did liue, who all did die in one.
But heere I vow theſe blacke and ſable weeds,
The outward ſignes of inward heauines,
Shall changed be ere long to crimſen hew,
And this ſoft raiment to a coate of ſteele,
Ceſar, no more I heare the mornefull ſongs.
The tragick pomp of his ſad exequies,
And deadly burning torches are at hand,
I muſt accompany the mornefull troope:
And ſacryfice my teares to the Gods below. *Exit.*

Enter Ceſars Hearſe Calphurnia Octauian, Anthony, Cicero, Dolobella, two Romaynes, mourners.

Calp. Set downe the hearſe and let *Calphurnia* weepe,
Weepe for her Lord and bath his Wounds in teares:
Feare of the world, and onely hope of *Rome*,
Thou whileſt thou liued ſt was *Calphurnias* ioye,
And being dead my ioyes are dead with thee:
Here doth my care and comfort reſting lie:
Let them accompany thy mourneſull hearſe.

Cice. This is the hearſe of vertue and renowne,
Here ſtroe red roſes and ſweete violets:
And lawrell garlands for to crowne his fame,
The Princely weede of mighty conquerors:
Theſe worthles obſequies poore *Rome* beſtowes,
Vpon thy ſacred aſhes and deare hearſe.

1. *Rom.* And as a token of thy liuing praiſe,
And fame immortall take this laurell wreath,
Which witneſſeth thy name ſhall neuer die:
And with this take the Loue and teares of *Rome*,
For on thy tombe ſhall ſtill engrauen be,
Thy loſſe, her griefe, thy deathes, her pitty ing thee.

Dolo. Vnwilling do I come to pay this debt,
Though not vnwilling for to crowne deſert,
O how much rather had I this beſtowed,
On thee returning from foes ouerthrow,

When

When liuing vertue did require ſuch meede,
Then for to crowne thy vertue being dead,
Lord. Thoſe wreaths that in thy life our conqueſts crowned
And our fayre triumphes beauty glorified,
Now in thy death do ſerue thy hearſe to adorne,
For *Cæſars* liuing vertues to bee crowned,
Not to be wept as buried vnder grownd,
2. *Ro.* Thou whileſt thou liuedſt wast faire vertues flowre
Crowned with eternall honor and renowne,
To thee being dead, *Flora* both crownes and flowers,
(The cheefeſt vertues of our mother earth,)
Doth giue to gratulate thy noble hearſe.
Let then they ſoule diuine vouchſafe to take,
Theſe worthles obſequies our loue doth make.
Calp. All that I am is but deſpaire and greeſe,
This all I giue to Celebrate thy death,
What funerall pomp of riches and of pelfe,
Do you expect? *Calphurnia* giues her ſelfe.
Ant. You that to *Cæſar* iuſtly did decree
Honors diuine and ſacred reuerence:
And oft him grac'd with titles well deſerued,
Of Countries Father, ſtay of Common wealth,
And that which neuer any bare before,
Inviolate, Holy, Conſecrate, Vntucht.
Doe ſee this friend of *Rome*, this Contryes Father,
This Sonne of laſting fame and endles praiſe,
And in a mortall trunke, immortall vertue
Slaughtered, profan'd, and bucherd like a beaſt,
By trayterous handes, and damned Paracides:
Recounte thoſe deedes and ſee what he hath don,
Subdued thoſe nations which three hundred yeares.
Remaynd vnconquered; ſtill afflicting *Rome*,
And recompenſed the firy Capitoll,
With many Citties vnto aſhes burnt:
And this reward, theſe thankes you render him:
Here lyes he dead to whome you owe your liues:
By you this ſlaughtered body bleedes againe,
Which oft for you hath bled in fearefull fight.

Sweete woundes in which I ſee diſtreſſed *Rome*,
From her pearc'd ſides to powre forth ſtreames of bloud,
Bee you a witneſſe of my ſad Soules griefe:
And of my teares which wounded heart doth bleede,
Not ſuch as vſe from womaniſh eyes proceede.

Octa. And were the deede moſt worthy and vnblamed,
Yet you vnworthely did do the ſame:
Who being partakers with his enemies,
By *Cæſar* all were ſaued from death and harme,
And for the punniſhment you ſhould haue had,
You were prefer'd to Princely dignities:
Rulers and Lordes of Prouinces were you made,
Thus thanke-les men hee did preferre of nought,
That by their hands his murther might be wrought.

All at once except Anthony and Octauian.

Omnes. Reuenge, Reuenge vpon the murtherers.

Antho. Braue Lords this worthy reſolution ſhewes,
Your deereſt loue, and great affection
VVhich to this ſlaughtered Prince you alwaies bare,
And may like bloudy chance befall my life:
If I be ſlack for to reuenge his death.

Octa. No *v* on my Lords, this body lets inter:
Amongeſt the monuments of *Roman* Kinges,
And build a Temple to his memory:
Honoring therein his ſacred Deity. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. 4. SC. 2.

Enter Caſſius, and Brutus with an army.

Caſſi. Now *Romains* proud foe, worlds common enemy,
In his greateſt hight and chiefeſt Iollitie,
In the Sacred Senate-houſe *is* done to death:
Euen as the Conſecrated Oxe which ſoundes,
At horny alters in his dying pride:
VVith flowry leaues and gar-lands all bedight,
Stands proudly wayting for the haſted ſtroke:
Till hee amazed with the diſmall ſound,

Falls

Falls to the Earth and ſtaines the holy ground,
The ſpoyles and riches of the conquered world,
Are now but idle Trophies of his tomb:
His laurell gar-landes do but Crowne his chaire,
His ſling, his ſhilde, and fatall bloudy ſpeare,
VVhich hee in battell oft 'gainſt *Rome* did beare,
Now ſerue for nought but ruſty monuments.
Bru. So *Romulus* when proud ambition,
His former vertue and renowne had ſtayned:
Did by the Senators receiue his end,
But ſoft what boades *Titinnius* haſting ſpeede.

Enter Titinnius.

Titin. The frantike people and impatient,
By *Anthonyes* exhorting to reuenge:
Runne madding throw the bloudy ſtreetes of *Rome*,
Crying Reuenge, and murthering they goe,
All thoſe that cauſed *Cæſars* ouerthrowe.
Caſſi. The wauering people pytiyng *Cæſars* death,
Do rage at vs, who fore to winne their weale:
Spare not the danger of our deareſt liues,
But ſince no ſafety *Rome* for vs affordes:
Brutus weell haſt vs to our Prouinces,
I into *Syre*, thou into *Maccedon*,
Where wee will muſter vp ſuch martiall bandes,
As ſhall affright our following enemies.
Bru. In *Theſſaly* weele meete the Enemy,
And in that ground diſtaynd with *Pompeys* bloud,
And fruitefull made with *Romane* maſſaker,
VVeele either ſacrifice our guilty foe,
To appeaſe the furies of theſe howling Ghoſtes,
That wander reſtles through the fliemy ground
Or elſe that *Theſſaly* bee a common Tombe:
To bury thoſe that fight to infranchize *Rome*.
Titin. Brauely reſolu'd, I ſee yong *Brutus* minde,
Strengthned with force of vertues ſacred rule:
Contemneth death, and holdes proud chance in ſcorne.
Bru. I that before fear'd not to do the deede,
Shall neuer now repent it being done,

No

No more I Fortun'd, like the *Roman* Lord,
Whose faith brought death yet with immortall fame,
I kisse thee hand for doing such a deede:
And thanke my heart for this so Noble thought,
And blesse the Heauens for fauoring my attempts:
For Noble *Rome*, and if thou beest not free,
Yet I haue done what euer lay in mee:
And worthy friend as both our thoughts conspired,
And ioyned in vnion to performe this deede,
This acceptable deede to Heauens and *Rome*,
So lets continue in our high resolue:
And as wee haue with honor thus begunne,
So lets persist, vntill our liues bee done.

Cassi. Then let vs go and with our warlike troopes,
Collected from our seuerall Prouinces,
Make *Asia* subiect to our Conquering armes,
Brutus thou hast commanded the Illirian bandes:
The feared *Celts* and *Lusitanian* horse,
Parthenians proud, and *Thracians* borne in warre:
And *Macedon* yet proud with our old actes,
With all the flowre of Louely *Thessaly*,
Vnder my warlike collours there shall march:
New come from *Syria* and from *Babilon*,
The warlike *Medes*, and the *Arabian* Bow,
The *Parthian* fighting when hee seemes to flie:
Those conquering *Gauls* that built their seates in Greece,
And all the Costers on the *Mirapont*.

ACT. 3. SCE. 1.

Enter Cæsars Ghost.

Gho. Out of the horror of those shady vaultes,
Where Centaurs, Harpies, paynes and furies fell:
And Gods and Ghosts and vgly Gorgons dwell,
My restles soule comes heere to tell his wronges,
Hayle to thy walles, thou pride of all the world,
Thou art the place where whilome in my life.

My

My ſeat of mounting honour was erected,
And my proud throane that ſeem'd to check the heauens,
But now my pompe and I are layd more lowe,
With theſe aſoſiates of my ouerthrow,
Here ancient *Aſſur* and proud *Belus* lyes,
Ninus the firſt that ſought a Monarches name.
Atrides fierce with the *Æacides*,
The *Greeke Heros*, and the *Troian* flower,
Blood-thirſting *Cyrus* and the conquering youth:
That ſought to fetch his pedegree from Heauen,
Sterne *Romulus* and proud *Tarquinius*,
The mighty *Sirians* and the *Ponticke* Kings,
Alcides and the ſtout, *Carthagian* Lord,
The fatall enemie to the *Roman* name.
Ambitious *Sylla* and fierce *Marius*,
And both the *Pompeyes* by me don to death,
I am the laſt not leaſt of the ſame crue,
Looke on my deeds and ſay what *Cæſar* was,
Theſſalia, *Ægipt*, *Pontus*, *Africa*,
Spayne Brittaine, *Almany* and *France*,
Saw many a bloody tryall of my worth.
But why doe I my glory thus reſtraine,
When all the world was but a Charyot,
Wherein I rode Triumphing in my pride?
But what auayles this tale of what I was?
Since in my chefeſt hight *Brutus* baſe hand.
With three and twenty wounds my heart did goare,
Giue me my ſword and ſhild Ile be Reueng'd,
My mortall wounding ſpeare and goulden Creſt.
I will diſhorſe my foemen in the field,
Alaſſe poore *Cæſar* thou a ſhadow art,
An ayery ſubſtance wanting force and might,
Then will I goe and crie vpon the world,
Exclame on *Anthony* and *Octauian*,
Which ſeeke through diſcord and diſcentions broyles,
T'imbrue their weapons in each others blood,
And leaue to execute my iuſt reuenge,

I heare the drummes and bloody Trumpets ſound,
O how this ſight my greeued ſoule doth wound,

Enter Anthony, at on dore, Octauian at another with Souldiers.

Anth. Now martiall friends competitors in armes,
You that will follow *Anthony* to fight,
Whome ſtately *Rome* hath oft her Conſull ſeene,
Grac'd with eternall trophes of renowne,
With *Libian* triumphes and *Iiberian* ſpoyles,
Who ſcorns to haue his honour now diſtaind,
Or credit blemiſht by a Boyes diſgrace,
Prepare your dauntles ſtomakes to the fight,
Where without ſtriking you ſhall ouer come.

Octa. Fellowes in war-faire which haue often ſerued,
Vnder great *Cæſar* my diſceaſed ſier,
And haue return'd the conquerors of the world,
Clad in the Spoyles of all the Orient:
That will not brooke that any *Roman* Lord,
Should iniure mighty *Iulius Cæſars* ſonne,
Recall your wonted vallour and theſe hearts,
That neuer entertaynd Ignoble thoughts
And make my firſt warre-faire and fortunate:

Ant. Stike vp drums, and let your banners flie,
Thus will we ſet vpon the enemy.

Gho. Ceaſe Drums to ſtrike, and fould your banners vp,
Wake not *Bellona* with your trumpets Clange,
Nor call vnwilling *Mars* vnto the field:
See *Romaines*, ſee my wounds not yet cloſ'd vp,
The bleeding monuments of *Cæſars* wronges.
Haue you ſo ſoone for got my life and death?
My life wherein I reard your fortunes vp.
My death wherein my reared fortune fell,
My life admir'd and wondred at of men?
My death which ſeem'd vnworthy to the Gods,
My life which heap'd on you rewards and gifts,
My death now begges one gift; a iuſt reueng.

Ant. A Chilly cowld poſſeſſeth all my Ioyntes,

And

And pale wan feare doth ceaſe my fainting heart,
Octa. O ſee how terrible my Fathers lookes?
My haire ſtands ſtiffe to ſee his greiſly hue:
Alaſſe I deare not looke him in the face,
And words do cleaue to my benummed Iawes. (downe
Gho. For ſhame weake *Anthony* throw thy weapons
Sonne ſheath thy ſword, not now for to be drawne,
Brutus muſt feele the heauy ſtroke thereof:
But if that needes you will into the field,
And that warrs enuie pricks your forward hate.
To ſlacke your fury with each others blood,
Then forward on to your prepared deaths
Let ſad *Alecto* ſound her fearefull trump,
Reueng a riſe in lothſome ſable weedes,
Light-ſhining Treaſons and vnquenced Hates,
Horror and vgly Murther (nights blacke child,)
Let ſterne *Magera* on her thundering drum me,
Play gaſtly muſicke to comfort your deathes.
Banner to banner, foote gainſt foote opoſ'd,
Sword againſt ſword, ſhild gainſt ſhild, and life to life,
Let death goe raginge through your armed rankes,
And load himſelſe with heapes of murthered men,
And let Heauens iuſtice ſend you all to Hell,
Anth. Shamſt thou not *Anthony* to draw thy ſword,
On *Cæſars* Sonne, for rude raſh youth full brawles,
And doſt let paſſe their treaſon vnrevenged,
That *Cæſars* life and glory both did end,
Octa. Shame of my ſelfe, and this intended fight,
Doth make me feare t' approach his dreadfull ſight:
Forgiue my ſlacknes to reuenge thy wronges,
Pardon my youth that raſhly was miſlead,
Through vaine ambition for to doe this deed,
Gho. Then ioyne your hands and heare let battle ceaſe,
Chang feare to Ioy, and warre to ſmooth-fac't Peace.
Oct. Then Father heere in ſight of Heauen and thee,
I giue my hand and heart to *Anthony*,
Ant. Take likewiſe mine, the hand that once was vowd',

To bee imbrued in thy luke-warme bloud,
VVhich now ſhall ſtrike in yong *Octauians* rights.
Gho. Now ſweare by all the Dieties of Heauen,
All Gods and powers you do adore and ſerue:
For to returne my murther on their cruell head,
Whoſe trayterous hands my guiltles bloud haue ſhed.
Anth. Then by the Gods that through the raging waues,
Brought thee braue *Troian* to old *Latium*,
And great *Quirinus* placed now in Heauen:
By the *Gradiuus* that with ſhield of Braſſe,
Defendeſt *Rome*, by the ouerburning flames
Of *Veſta* and *Carpeian* Towers of *Ioue*.
Vowes *Anthony* to quite thy worthy death,
Or in performance looſe his vitall breath.
Octa. The like *Octauian* vowes to Heauen and thee.
Gho. Then go braue warriors with ſuccesfull hap,
Fortune ſhall waite vpon your rightfull armes,
And courage ſparkell, from your Princely eyes,
Dartes of reuenge to daunt your enemies.
Antho. Now with our armies both conioyned in one,
Weele meete the enemy in *Macedon*:
Æmathian fieldes ſhall change her flowry greene,
And die proud *Flora* in a ſadder hew:
Siluer *Stremonia*, whoſe faire Chriſtall waues,
Once ſounded great *Alcides* echoing fame:
When as he ſlew that fruitefull headed ſnake,
Which *Lerna* long-time foſtered in her wombe:
Shall in more tragick accentes and ſad tunes,
Eccho the terror of thy diſmall fight,
Hemus ſhall fat his barren fieldes with bloud:
And yellow *Ceres* ſpring from woundes of men,
The toyling huſband-men in time to come,
Shall with his harrow ſtrike on ruſty helmes,
And finde, and wonder, at our ſwordes and ſpeares,
And with his plowe dig vp braue *Romans* graues:

Finis. Act.

ACT. 5. SCE. 1.

Enter Diſcord.

Diſ. The balefull harueſt of my ioy, thy woe
Gins ripen *Brutus*, Heauens commande it ſo.
Pale ſad *Auernus* opes his yawning Iawes,
Seeking to ſwallow vp thy murtherous ſoule,
The furies haue proclaym'd a feſtiuall:
And meane to day to banquet with thy bloud,
Now Heauens array you in your clowdy weedes:
Wrap vp the beauty of your glorious lamp,
And dreadfull *Chaos*, of ſad drery night,
Thou Sunne that climeſt vp to the eaſterne hill:
And in thy Chariot rides with ſwift ſteedes drawne,
In thy proud Iollity and radiant glory:
Go back againe and hide thee in the ſea,
Darkeneſſe to day ſhall couer all the world:
Let no light ſhine, but what your ſwords can ſtrike,
From out their ſteely helmes, and fiery ſhildes:
Furies, and Ghoſts, with your blue-burning lampes,
In mazing terror ride through *Roman* rankes:
With dread affrighting thoſe ſtout Champions hearts,
All ſtygian fiendes now leaue whereas you dwell:
And come into the world and make it hell.

Enter Caſſius, Brutus, Titinnius, Cato Iunior, with an army marching

Caſ. Thus far wee march with vnreſiſted armes,
Subduing all that did our powres with-ſtand:
Laodicia whoſe high reared walles,
Faire *Lycas* waſheth with her ſiluer waue:
And that braue monument of *Perſeus* fame,
With *Turſos* vaild to vs her vanting pride,
Faire *Rhodes*, I weepe to thinke vpon thy fall:

Thou wert to ſtubberne, elſe thou ſtill hadſt ſtood,
Inviolate of *Caſſius* hurtles hand,
That was my nurſe, where in my youth I drew
The flowing milke of Greekiſh eloquence:
Proud *Capadocia* ſawe her King captiu'd,
(And *Dolabella* vanting in the ſpoyles.
Of ſlayne *Trebonius*) fall as ſpringing tree,
Seated in louely *Tempes* pleaſant ſhades:
Whom beuteous ſpring with bloſſoms braue hath deckt,
And ſweete *Fauonia* manteled all in greene,
By winters rage doth looſe his flowry pride,
And hath each twigg bar'd by northerne winds,
Thus from the conqueſt of proud *Paleſtine*,
Hether in triumph haue we march'd along,
Making our force-commaunding rule to ſtretch,
From faire *Euphrates* chriſtall flowing waues
Vnto the Sea which yet weepes *Io's* death,
Slayne by great *Hercules* repenting hand,
Bru. Of all the places by my ſword ſubdued,
Pitty of thee poore *Zanthus* moues me moſt;
Thriſe haſt thou ben beſeeged by thy foe,
And thriſe to ſaue thy liberty haſt felt
The fatall flames of thine owne cruell hand.
Firſt being beſeeg'd by *Harpalus* the *Mede*,
The ſterne performer of proud *Cyrus* wrath:
Next when the *Macedonian Phillips* ſonne,
Did rayſe his engines gainſt thy battered walls,
Proud *Zanthus* that did ſcorne to beare the yoake,
That all the world was forced to ſuſtaine,
Laſt when that I my ſelfe did guirt thy walls,
With troopes of high reſolued *Roman* hearts,
Rather then thou wouldeſt yeeld to *Brutus* ſword,
Or ſtayne the mayden honour of thy Towne,
Did'ſt ſadly fall as proud *Numantia*.
Scorning to yeeld to conquering *Scipios* power.
Caſ. And now to thee *Phillipi*, are wee come,
Whoſe fields muſt twiſe feele *Roman* cruelty,
And flowing blood like to *Darcean* playnes,

When

When proud *Eteocles* on his foaming steede,
Rides in his fury through the *Argean* troopes,
Now making great *Æraſtus* giue him way,
Now beating back *Tideus* puiſſant might:
The ground not dry'd from ſad *Pharſalian* blood,
Will now bee turned to a purple lake:
And bleeding heapes and mangled bodyes ſlayne,
Shall make ſuch hills as ſhall ſurpaſſe in height
The Snowy Alpes and aery *Appenines*,
Titi. A Scout brought word but now that he deſcryd,
Warlike *Anthonius* and young *Cæſars* troopes,
Marching in fury ouer *Theſſalian* playnes.
As great *Gradiuus* when in angry moode,
He driues his chariot downe from heauens top,
And in his wheels whirleth reueng and death:
Heere by *Phillippi* they will pich their tents,
And in theſe fieldes (fatall to *Roman* liues)
Hazard the fortune of the doubtfull fight,
Cat. O welcome thou this long expected day,
On which dependeth *Romane* liberty,
Now *Rome* thy freedom hangeth in ſuſpence,
And this the day that muſt aſſure thy hopes.
Caſſi. Great *Ioue*, and thou *Tritonyan* warlike Queene:
Arm'd with thy amazing deadly *Gorgons* head.
Strenghen our armes that fight for *Roman* welth:
And thou ſterne *Mars*, and *Romulus* thy Sonne,
Defend that Citty which your ſelfe begun,
All heauenly powers aſſiſt our rightfull armes,
And ſend downe ſiluer winged victory,
To crowne with Lawrells our triumphant Creſts.
Bru. My minde thats trobled in my vexed ſoule,
(Oppreſt with ſorrow and with ſad diſmay,)
Miſgiues me this wilbe a heauy day.
Caſſi. Why faynt not now in theſe our laſt extremes,
This time craues courage not diſpayring feare,
Titin. Fie, twill diſtayne thy former valiant acts.
To ſay thou fainteſt now in this laſt act,
Bru. My mind is heauy, and I know not why,

But cruell fate doth ſommon me to die,
Cato. Sweet *Brute*, let not thy words be ominous ſignes,
Of ſo miſ-fortunnate and ſad euent,
Heauen and our Vallour ſhall vs conquerours make.
Caſſi. What Baſtard feare hath taunted our dead hearts,
Or what vnglorious vnwounted thought,
Hath changed the vallour of out daunted mindes.
What are our armes growne weaker then they were?
Cannot this hand that was proud *Cæſars* death,
Send all *Ceſarians* headlong that ſame path?
Looke how our troups in Sun-bright armes do ſhine,
With vaunting plumes and dreadfull brauery.
The wrathfull ſteedes do check their iron bits,
And with a well grac'd terror ſtrike the ground,
And keeping times in warres ſad harmony.
And then hath *Brutus* any cauſe to feare,
My ſelfe like valiant *Peleus* worthy Sonne,
The Nobleſt wight that euer *Troy* beheld,
Shall of the aduerſe troopes ſuch hauock make,
As ſad *Phillipi* ſhall in blood bewayle,
The cruell maſſacre of *Caſſius* ſword,
And then hath *Brutus* any cauſe to feare?
Bru. No outward ſhewes of puiſſance or of ſtrength,
Can helpe a minde diſmayed inwardly,
Leaue me ſweete Lordes a while vnto my ſelfe.
Caſſi. In the meane time take order for the fight,
Drums let your fearefull mazing thunder playe.
And with their ſound peirce Heauens brazen Towers,
And all the earth fill with like fearefull noyſe,
As when that *Boreas* from his Iron caue.
With boyſterous furyes Striuing in the waues,
Comes ſwelling forth to meet his bluſtering foe,
They both doe runne with feerce tempeſtuous rage,
And heaues vp mountaynes of the watry waues.
The God *Oceanus* trembles at the ſtroke,
Bru. What hateſull furyes vex my tortured mind?
What hideous ſightes appalle my greeued ſoule,
As when *Oreſtes* after mother ſlaine.

Not

Not being yet at *Scithians* Alters purged,
Behould the greesly visages of fiends.
And gastly furies which did haunt his steps,
Cæsar vpbraues my sad ingratitude,
He saued my life in sad *Pharsalian* fieldes,
That I in *Senate* house might worke his death.
O this remembrance now doth wound my soule,
More then my poniard did his bleeding heart,

Enter Ghost.

Gho. Brutus, ingratefull *Brutus* seest thou mee:
Anon In field againe thou shalt me see,
Bru. Stay what so ere thou art, or fiend below,
Rays'd from the deepe by inchanters bloody call,
Or fury sent from *Phlegitonticke* flames,
Or from *Cocytus* for to end my life,
Be then *Megera* or *Tysiphone*,
Or of *Eumenides* ill boading crue.
Fly me not now, but end my wretched life,
Comegreesly messenger of sad mishap,
Trample in blood of him that hates to liue,
And end my life and sorrow all at once.
Gho. Accursed traytor damned *Homicide*,
Knowest thou not me, to whome for forty honors:
Thou three and twenty Gastly wounds didst giue?
Now dare no more for to behould the Heauens,
For they to Day haue destyned thine end:
Nor lift thy eyes vnto the rising sunne,
That nere shall liue for to behould it set,
Nor looke not downe vnto the Hellish shades,
There stand the furyes thursting for thy blood,
Flie to the field but if thou thither go'st,
There *Anthonyes* sword will peirce thy trayterous heart.
Brutus to daie my blood shalbe reuenged,
And for my wrong and vndeserued death,
Thy life to thee a torture shall become,
And thou shalt oft amongest the dying grones,
Of slaughtered men that bite the bleeding earth,

With that like balefull cheere might thee befall,
And ſeeke for death that flies ſo wretched wight,
Vntill to ſhunne the honour of the fight,
And dreadfull vengeance of ſupernall ire.
Thine owne right hand ſhall worke my wiſh'd reueng,
And ſo Fare ill, hated of Heauen and Men.

Bru. Stay *Ceſar* ſtay, protract my greife no longer,
Rip vp my bowells glut thy thirſting throte,
With pleaſing blood of *Ceſars* guilty heart:
But ſee hee's gon, and yonder Murther ſtands:
See how he poynts his knife vnto my hart.
Althea raueth for her murthered Sonne,
And weepes the deed that ſhe her-ſelfe hath done:
And *Meleager* would thou liuedſt againe,
But death muſt expiate. *Altheas* come.
I, death the guerdon that my deeds deſerue:
The drums do thunder forth diſmay and feare,
And diſmall triumphes ſound my fatall knell,
Furyes I come to meete you all in Hell,

Enter Cato wounded.

Cato. Bloodles and faynt; *Cato* yeelde vp thy breath;
While ſtrength and vigour in theſe armes remaynd,
And made me able for to wield my ſword,
So long I fought; and ſweet *Rome* for thy ſake
Fear'd not effuſion of my blood to make.
But now my ſtrength and life doth fayle at once,
My vigor leaues my could and feeble ioynts,
And I my ſad ſoule, muſt power forth in blood.
O vertue whome *Phyloſophy* extols.
Thou art no eſſence but a naked name,
Bond-ſlaue to Fortune, weake, and of no power.
To ſuccor them which alwaies honourd thee:
Witneſſe my Fathers and mine owne ſad death,
Who for our country ſpent our lateſt breath:
But oh the chaines of death do hold my toung,
Mine eyes wax dim I faynt, I faynt, I die.
O Heauens help *Rome* in this extremity.

Where

Cass. Where shall I goe to tell the saddest tale,
That ere the *Romane* toung was forc'd to speake,
Rome is ouerthrowne, and all that for her fought:
This Sunne that now hath seen so many deaths,
When from the Sea he heaued his cloudy head,
Then both the armes full of hope and feare,
Did waite the dreadfull trumpets fatall sound,
And straight Reuenge from *Stygian* bands let loose,
Possessed had all hearts and banished thence,
Feare of their children, wife and little home.
Countryes remembrance, and had quite expeld,
With last departed care of life it selfe:
Anger did sparkell from our beautious eyes,
Our trembling feare did make our helmes to shake,
The horse had now put on the riders wrath,
And with his hooses did strike the trembling earth,
When *Echalarian* soundes then both gin meete:
Both like enraged, and now the dust gins rise,
And Earth doth emulate the Heauens cloudes,
Then yet beutyous was the face of cruell war:
And goodly terror it might seeme to be,
Faire shieldes, gay swords, and goulden crests did shine.
Their spangled plumes did dance for lolity,
As nothing priuy to their Masters feare,
But quickly rage and cruell *Mars* had staynd,
This shining glory with a sadder hew,
A cloud of dartes that darkened Heauens light,
Horror insteed of beauty did suceede.
And her bright armes with dust and blood were soyld:
Now *Lucius* fals, heare *Drusus* takes his end,
Here lies *Hortensius*, weltring in his goare.
Here, there, and euery where men fall and die,
Yet *Cassius* shew not that thy heart doth faynt:
But to the last gasp for *Romains* freedom fight,
And when sad death shall be thy labors end,
Yet boast thy life thou didst for Country spend.

Enter Anthony.

Ant, Queene of Reuenge imperious *Nemesis*,

That in the wrinkels of thine angry browes,
Wrapſt dreadfull vengance and pale fright-full death:
Raine downe the bloudy ſhowers of thy reuenge,
And make our ſwordes the fatall inſtruments,
To execute thy furious bale full Ire,
Let grim death ſeate her on my Lances point,
Which percing the weake armour of my foes,
Shall lodge her there within there coward breſtes,
Dread, horror, vengance, death, and bloudy hate:
In this ſad fight my murthering ſworde awaite. *Exit*

Enter Titinnius.

Titin. Where may I flie from this accurſed ſoyle,
Or ſhunne the horror of this diſmall day:
The Heauens are colour'd in mourning ſable weedes,
The Sunne doth hide his face, and feares to ſee,
This bloudy conflict; ſad *Cataſtrophe*,
Nothing but grones of dying men are heard:
Nothing but bloud and ſlaughter may bee ſeene
And death, the ſame in ſundry ſhapes araied.

Enter Caſſius.

Caſſi. In vaine, in vaine, O *Caſſius* all in vaine,
Tis Heauen and deſtiny thou ſtriueſt againſt.

Titin. VVhat better hope or more accepted tydinges,
Iſt Noble *Caſſius* from the Battell bringe?

Caſſi. This haples hope that fates decreed haue,
Philippi field muſt bee our haples graue.

Titin. And then muſt this accurſ'd and fatall day,
End both our liues and *Romane* liberty:
Muſt now the name of freedome bee forgot,
And all *Romes* glory in *Theſſalia* end?

Caſſi. As thoſe that loſt in boyſterous troublous ſeas,
Beaten with rage of Billowes ſtormy ſtriſe:
And without ſtarres do ſayle 'gainſt ſtarres and winde.
In drery darkeneſſe and in chereles night,
Without or hope or comfort endles are:
So are my thoughts deiected with diſmay,
Which can nought looke for but poore *Romes* decay.
But yet did *Brutus* liue, did hee but breath?

Or

Or lay not ſlumbering in eternall night,
His welfare might infuſe ſome hope, or life:
Or at the leaſt bring death with more content:
Weried I am through labour of the fight:
Then ſweete *Titinnius*, range thou through the fielde,
And either glad me with my friends ſucceſſe,
Or quickly tell mee what my care doth feare:
How breathles hee vpon the ground doth lie,
That at thy words, I may fall downe and die.
Titin. Caſſius, I goe to ſeeke thy Noble friend,
Heauen grant my goings haue a proſperous end.
Caſſi. O go *Titinnius*, and till thy returne,
Heere will I ſit diſconſolate alone,
Romes ſad miſhap, and mine owne woes to moone:
O ten times treble fortunate were you,
VVhich in *Pharſalias* bloudy conflict dyed,
VVith thoſe braue Lords, now layed in bed of fame:
VVhich neere protected their moſt bleſſed dayes,
To ſee the horror of this diſmall fight,
VVhy died I not in thoſe *Æmathian* playnes,
VVhere great *Domitius* fell by *Cæſars* hand?
And ſwift *Euripus* downe his bloudy ſtreame
Bare ſhieldes and helmes and traines of ſlaughter'd men,
But Heauens reſerud mee to this luckles day,
To ſee my Countries fall and friends decay.
But why doth not *Titinnius* yet returne?
My trembling heart miſgiues me what's befalne,
Brutus is dead: I: herke how willingly
The Ecco itterates thoſe deadly words,
The whiſling windes with their mourning ſound,
Do fill mine eares with noyſe of *Brutus* death,
The birdes now chanting a more cheerles lay,
In dolefull notes recorde my friends decay.
And *Philomela* now forgets old wronges,
And onely *Brutus* wayleth in her ſonges.
I heare ſome noyſe, O tis *Titinnius*,
No tis not hee, for hee doth feare to wound,
My greeued eares with that hearts-thrilling ſound.

Why doſt thou feed my thoughts with lingering hope?
Why doſt thou then prolong my life in vayne?
Tell me my ſentence and ſo end my payne:
He comes not yet, nor yet, nor will at all,
Linger not *Caſſius* for to heare reply,
What if he come and tels me hee is ſlayne?
That only will increaſe my dying paine,
Brutus I come to company thy ſoule,
Which by *Cocytus* wandreth all alone.
Brutus I come prepare to meete thy friend
Thy brothers fall procures this balefull end.

Enter Titinius.

Titi. *Brutus* doth liue and like a ſecond *Mars*,
Rageth in heate of fury mongeſt his foes,
Then cheere thee *Caſſius*, loe I bring releeſe.
And news of power to eaſe thy ſtormy greeſe,
But ſee where *Caſſius* weltreth in his blood,
Doth beate the Earth, and yet not fully dead.
O *Caſſius* ſpeake, O ſpeake to me ſweet friend,
Brutus doth liue; open thy dying eyes,
And looke on him that hope and comfort gs.
O noe, hee will not looke on mee but cryes,
That by my long delayes he haples dies:
Accurſed villaine murtherer of thy friend,
Why hath thy lingering thus wrought *Caſſius* end.
How cold thy care was to preuent this deed,
How ſlow thy loue that made no greater ſpeed,
Care winged is, and burning loue can flye,
My care was feareles, loue but flattery,
But ſithence in my life my loue was neuer ſhewne,
Now in my death Ile make it to be knowne.
Accurſed weapon that ſuch blood could ſpil,
Nay curſed then the author of this deed,
Yet both offended, both ſhall puniſhed be,
Ile take reueng of the knife, the knife of me,
It ſhall make a paſſage for my life to paſſe,
Cauſe through my life his maſter murthered was.
And I on it againe will venged bee.

Cauſe

Cauſe it did worke my *Caſſius* tragedy.
Then this reueng ſhalbe to end my life,
Mine to diſtayne with baſet blood the knife.

Enter Brutus the Ghoſt following him.

Brut. What doeſt thou ſtill perſue me vgly fend,
Is this it that thou thirſted for ſo much?
Come with thy tearing clawes and rend it out,
Would thy appeaſeles rage be ſlacked with blood,
This ſword to day hath crimſen channels made,
But heare's the blood that thou woulds drinke ſo fayne,
Then take this percer, broch this trayterous heart.
Or if thou thinkeſt death to ſmall a payne,
Drag downe this body to proud *Erebus*,
Through black *Cocytus* and infernall *Styx*,
Lethean waues, and fiers of *Plegeton*,
Boyle me or burne, teare my hateſull fleſh,
Deuoure, conſume, pull, pinch, plague, paine this hart,
Hell craues her right, and heere the furyes ſtand,
And all the hell-hounds compaſſe me a rounnd
Each ſeeking for a parte of this ſame prey,
Alaſſe this body is leane, thin, pale and wan,
Nor can it all your hungery mouthes ſuffice,
O tis the ſoule that they ſtand gaping for,
And endleſſe matter for to prey vpon.
Renewed ſtill as *Titius* pricked heart.
Then clap your hands, let Hell with ioy reſound?
Here it comes flying through this aery round.

Gho. Hell take their hearts, that this ill deed haue done
And vengeance follow till they be ouercome:
Nor liue t'applaud the iuſtice of this deed.
Murther by her owne guilty hand doth bleed.

Enter Diſcord

Diſ. I, now my longing hopes haue their deſire,
The world is nothing but a maſſie heape:
Of bodys ſlayne, The Sea a lake of blood,
The Furies that for ſlaughter only thirſt,
Are with theſe Maſſakers and ſlaughters cloyde,
Tyſiphones pale, and *Megeras* thin face,

Is now puſt vp, and ſwolne with quaffing blood,
Caron that vſed but an old rotten boate
Muſt nowe a nauie rigg for to tranſport,
The howling ſoules, vnto the *Stigian* ſtronde.
Hell and *Eliſium* muſt be digd in one,
And both will be to litle to contayne,
Numberles numbers of afflicted ghoſtes,
That I my ſelfe haue tumbling thither ſent.
Gho. Now nights pale daughter ſince thy bloody ioyes,
And my reuengfull thirſt fulfilled are,
Doe thou applaud what iuſtly heauens haue wrought,
While murther on the murtherers head is brought.
Diſ. Caſar I pitied not thy Tragick end:
Nor tyrants daggers ſticking in thy heart,
Nor doe I that thy deaths with like repayd,
But that thy death ſo many deaths hath made:
Now cloyde with blood, Ile hye me downe below,
And laugh to thinke I cauſed ſuch endleſſe woe.
Gho. Sith my reueng is full accompliſhed,
And my deaths cauſers by them ſelues are ſlaine,
I will deſcend to mine eternall home,
Where euerlaſtingly my quiet ſoule,
The ſweete *Elyſium* pleaſure ſhall inioy,
And walke thoſe fragrant flowry fields at reſt:
To which nor fayre *Adonis* bower ſo rare,
Nor olde *Alcinous* gardens may compare.
There that ſame gentle father of the ſpring,
Mild *Zephirus* doth *Odours* breath diuine:
Clothing the earth in painted brauery,
The which nor winters rage, nor Scorching heate,
Or Summers ſunne can make it fall or fade,
There with the mighty champions of old time,
And great *Heroes* of the Goulden age,
My dateles houres Ile ſpend in laſting ioy.

FINIS.

C4340X
#12600

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION